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Looking Forward

TWO OF THE YEAR'S most interesting features begin in this number. First, our new editorial page with Professor Shotwell of Columbia heading the distinguished list of contributors. Next, the opening instalment of Robert Haven Schauffler's biography of Beethoven.

"FOR A LONG TIME," writes Mr. Schauffler, "I had been hoping to discover a particular type of book in English about the man, who, more fully and variously than any other, freed music. The volumes at hand were wholly biographical, wholly musical, or the combination which treated both these themes in separate sections.

"I wanted a trustworthy account correlating the great emancipator's music with his highly interesting life, and slighting neither. I wanted an oversight of his achievement, illumined by 'the man in relation to his times,'—in relation also to the art of music and the battle-ground of æsthetics.

"After a vain search I was tempted, four years ago, to undertake such a biography myself. This book therefore aims to interweave in a running narrative the life, personality and contribution of Beethoven, and to give these factors equal attention."

IN MR. SCHAUFFLER'S VIEW, the literature concerning Beethoven has either shown a trend away from established facts and a leaning toward sentimental rhapsody or it has fallen in with the muck-raking tendency now fashionable; although as between the deifiers and the detractors, Beethoven has suffered far more from the former.

MR. SCHAUFFLER'S angle of approach differs somewhat from that of other biographers, perhaps because for years he has observed Beethoven's music with the mole's eye view of the professional violoncellist and grown intimate with his orchestral works from the successive vantage of each choir of the orchestra. Not the least interesting part of it to Outlook and Independent readers will be the fact that you will be able to try over much of it on your piano.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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BEETHOVEN AT 48
From a chalk drawing by Kloeber

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Outlook
and Independent
April 17, 1929

Beethoven: A Biography

By ROBERT HAVEN SCHAUFFLER

"He who really understands my music," Beethoven said, "must become free of all the misery which others bear about with them." Recognized among musicians as incomparably the greatest of composers, Beethoven is probably the one composer who is important in the lives of even non-musical people. In these pages Mr. Schauffler presents a first-hand study of "the man who freed music." He has written many other books on music and is well known as a violoncellist

I

THE SMALL boys of Bonn, with whom he played marbles, practised archery and robbed Frau Fischer's hen-roost, nicknamed Ludwig "der Spangol." If they had talked American, they would probably have called him "Spanish," or "Spangy."

The familiar names which youngsters invent for one another, the world over, are seldom high-flown or pleasing to their victims. They are usually based, with uncompromising directness, on some salient physical peculiarity. The creator-to-be of the Fifth Symphony was in all likelihood called "Spangy" on account of that swarthy complexion which neighbor Fischer described as "black-brownish." For his comrades could hardly have known about the musical castles in Spain that used to beckon him from the playground.

Far more than the Spanish color of his cheeks, however,—if his comrades had but known it—these musical castles justified the curious nickname. Even then, posted at his favorite hiding place in the attic window, young Ludwig could just make them out, beyond that broad current of the Guadalquivir which stupid folk stubbornly miscalled the Rhine,—perched on the summit of those violet crags, which prosaic souls knew merely as the Siebengebirge.

There in the attic he would sit hour after hour, attending to the tunes that sang themselves in his head; until the shuffle of an unsteady step would break into the music. With an alcoholic breath and a loud voice, Father would come, and "Spangy" would be hauled downstairs by the ear to pound the piano or scratch the fiddle.

Even these instruments, though, were not half bad, if the grown-ups would only leave him alone. For he could have fun with them playing Spanish castle tunes, if he were not so often frightened by a sudden snarling voice:

"What's all this nonsense you're scratching again? You there,—scratch according to the notes, or I'll fetch you a clout on the ear!"

One should not be too hard on Father Johann. With all his folly perhaps he did more for the art of music than an intelligent and sympathetic father would have done. At Ludwig's most impressionable age, the pedantic drunkard invested creative art for him with the glamour of forbidden fruit. Without meaning to do so Johann taught the boy that printed melodies are sweet, but those unprinted are sweeter. Indeed, it is probable that Ludwig's unique talent for improvisation and composition was, in the first instance, a means of escape from the arid literalism of his impossible father.

On one side the Beethoven family was Flemish, from near Louvain. It was no mere accident that Ludwig's paternal grandfather was both wine-merchant and singer; that his great-great-grandfather dealt in wine too; that his maternal grandfather was head cook in a castle; his father a singer and connoisseur of wine; and that the Flemish branch of the family boasted painters and a sculptor. For head cooks and artists are masters of good taste and form and color; and wine-merchants and singers deal in products dear to Dionysus, the god of creative fertility.

When still a boy, Ludwig's grandfather, Ludovicus van Beethoven, had shown his independence by quarreling with his family and leaving home, never to return. In 1733, a brilliant lad of twenty-one, this grandfather was appointed court musician to Clemens August, Elector of Cologne, then holding his court in the smaller city of Bonn, —so exclusively a court town that seven-eighths of its people were understood to be fed from the castle kitchen.

HERE LUDOVICUS promptly made an unhappy marriage. His wife, a certain Maria Josepha Poll, first bore him two babies who died in infancy; then, towards the close of 1739, presented him with Johann, a son destined to turn out badly—that is to say, if a bad end may properly be claimed for any one who gave the world its chief musician. Ludovicus, however, throve. Beginning with 300 florins a year, a high salary for a young singer in those days, he served the Elector four decades with such increasing success that, in 1761, he was invited to the honorable post of *Kapellmeister,* or head of the court music.

His son Johann inherited his mother's love of a good time and her weakness of character. Drink soon ruined whatever modest chance he had of a successful career, and on account

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of his wild habits he was known by the neighbors as Johannes der Säufer, a play upon the name of Salome's famous victim, Johannes der Täufer, which may be approximated in English only by some such phrase as John the Gullet-Baptist.

In 1767, nevertheless, Maria Magdalena Kewerich, twenty-year-old daughter of the Ehrenbreitstein castle cook and widow of a valet, married this ne'er-do-weel Johann. She was gentle, hard-working, amiable and tactful. It is reported that no one ever saw her smile. She did the best she could with her worthless husband. But that was not much. Submerged by hard work, frequent pregnancies, poverty, and shame, she could not give her children the care which her tenderness prompted. Neither could she draw solace and inspiration from any proud realization of what a treasure she would give to the world.

On or about December 16, 1770, Ludwig was born. No one knows the exact date. But he was christened on December 17, and at that time it was a Rhenish custom to baptize children within a day of their birth. His mother was twenty-four years old and his father, thirty. He was their second child.

The infant, who was to be worshipped by wise men yet unborn as "the saviour of music," first made himself heard in a room assuredly more lowly and probably more picturesque than the manger of Bethlehem. A man of average height must still stoop under the beams of the little mansard chamber in number 20 Bonngasse. On the wall outside hangs an old crane, and a splendid vine with a stem now thick as a man's leg. In the garden there is a portentous pendulum pump four yards tall.

For Ludwig himself it may have been unlucky to have begun life under such conditions of poverty and family misery, but for the world it was a huge piece of luck. For if he had been born into the German "society" of the day, he might never have emancipated music from the bonds of fashion.

Bonn has long stood as a typical small German city. This was particularly true in the latter part of the Eighteenth Century. Half a century before the boy's birth Joseph Clemens, the Elector up in the big castle, had been a forward-looking composer and a friend of music. Max Franz, who succeeded to the Electorship in 1780, when Ludwig was going on ten, was also a generous patron of the arts. He helped music most of all by being an ardent amateur viola player. He often had musical evenings up at the castle, and sometimes invited the public to listen. Naturally his subjects patterned after him. So that in the Bonn of 1780 the family string quartet or orchestra was as common a sight as it is rare in the Pittsburgh of today.

BEETHOVEN AT 16
in Court Dress

It was a fortunate thing for little Ludwig. For with his first gasp he began to breathe a thoroughly musical atmosphere and to imbibe a tradition of creativeness—such as it was—agreeably spiced with honesty.

Indeed, if all other sources of information had been destroyed, we could deduce the musical atmosphere of Beethoven's boyhood from the first published compositions which, soon after permanently leaving home, he dignified by opus numbers. One could tell that the creator of these piano trios[1] had been born and bred in a street where, as in the typical pipe-dream of the impassioned chamber music "fan," you had only to whistle some well-known string quartet tune (say the Eighteenth Century equivalent of what the beginning of Beethoven's Seventh quartet is for us)—and eager heads would pop out of windows on both sides of the street. Down towards the Rhine and up towards the Münster an enthusiastic counter-tune would come whistling back, with all degrees of in-tune-ness, from a whole neighborhood of puckered lips.

Yes, the Bonngasse was a highly musical street. In the same house with the Beethovens lived the Salomons. The father fiddled in the opera. The two daughters sang at court. Johann, the son, was a famous violinist in Berlin and London. Grandfather Ludovicus the chapelmaster had a house nearly opposite. Next to him lived that thoroughly musical establishment, the Ries's, from whom, in the person of Franz, the father, Ludwig took violin lessons.[2] And a little down the street lived Simrock the hornist, who later on was to be one of Ludwig's publishers.

Meanwhile Beethoven's youth fell in a rich period for the German arts. In rapid-fire succession there appeared Lessing's "Minna Von Barnhelm," and "Nathan the Wise;" Goethe's "Werther" and "Goetz;" Schiller's "The Robbers" and "Don Carlos;" the revised versions of Gluck's epoch-making operas "Orpheus" and "Alceste;" Mozart's "Abduction from the Seraglio," his finest symphonies and quartets; and some of Haydn's best chamber music.

A weaker personality than Beethoven's would perhaps have been cowed by all this brilliance into chronic imitativeness. But without crushing him in the least, it seems only to have stimulated his originality.

His first teachers had been his father and an old organist named Van den Eeden. But at nine he was turned over to a "royal good fellow" named Pfeiffer, Johann's boon companion and associate "gullet-baptist." This pair used sometimes to reel into the small house in the small hours, pull "Spangy" whimpering

1. Opus 1, and the string trio in E Flat (Op. 3).
2. Years afterwards he repaid them by accepting Ferdinand, the son, as pupil and disciple-of all-work.

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out of bed, and give him a severe piano lesson that lasted until dawn, with plenty of blows for a sleep-drunken little boy who was not quite up to the mark.

In such a house no wonder "Spangy" began to put away the glorious follies of youth at an age when he should have been embracing them with both arms. No wonder he began at nine to lay the foundations of a shy, morose, irritable, suspicious, uncouth, misanthropic manhood. No wonder he turned to his delicious reveries as an escape from the harsh actualities of life.

BUT HELP was at hand in the person of a real teacher. Christian Gottlob Neefe, when he arrived in Bonn in 1779, was a composer of moderate celebrity, a good organist and an excellent all-around musician. His middle name, Gottlob, means "Praise God!" Music lovers echo it to this day when they consider the happy chance that gave Ludwig such a mentor and friend before he was eleven. For at this impressionable age, he was most in need of enlightened inspiration and guidance.

Neefe played an invaluable part in forming the man who was to free music. He was a small, stoop-shouldered, tailor's son from Chemnitz, a touching figure. If we knew nothing else about him, we could guess at his unusual intelligence from the fact that he gave "Spangy" Bach's "Well-tempered Clavichord" to study when that now-famous work was still in manuscript.

It was not long before Neefe made of the lad a better pianist, organist and composer than he himself was. And he did something more important. He started him on the way towards adopting a new philosophy of music, destined to play an important rôle in revolutionizing the art.

He filled the boy with the ideas of his friend and master, Johann Adam Hiller. Hiller was partly responsible for that revolution by which the æsthetic ideas of the Nineteenth Century were drastically to break with those of the Eighteenth. According to the latter, the duty of music was to reflect concrete ideas and definite pictures of the world, to be both illustrations and musical setting of the text of life. But Hiller was one of the useful band of pioneers who were groping towards the realization that music can never be definite and concrete like words or pictures. Dimly he saw that its chief glory is its indefinite, abstract, universal quality; and that whatever tends to constrict that glory to the concrete function of illustrator sins against the art.

With the exception of such advanced spirits as Johann Sebastian Bach and Mozart at his greatest, men who were out of sympathy with their own epoch, and were more or less ignored by it, the Eighteenth Century tended to see music as a single clear-cut picture. The Nineteenth came to look upon it more as a frame suitable for any one of millions of pictures, painted by creative listeners in a certain mood. Hiller and Neefe started Beethoven on his Promethean way, towards freeing music from the bonds of the literal. Small wonder that, all his life long, the composer's unconscious trend was away from the necessary concreteness of vocal music towards the imaginative liberty of instrumental.[1]

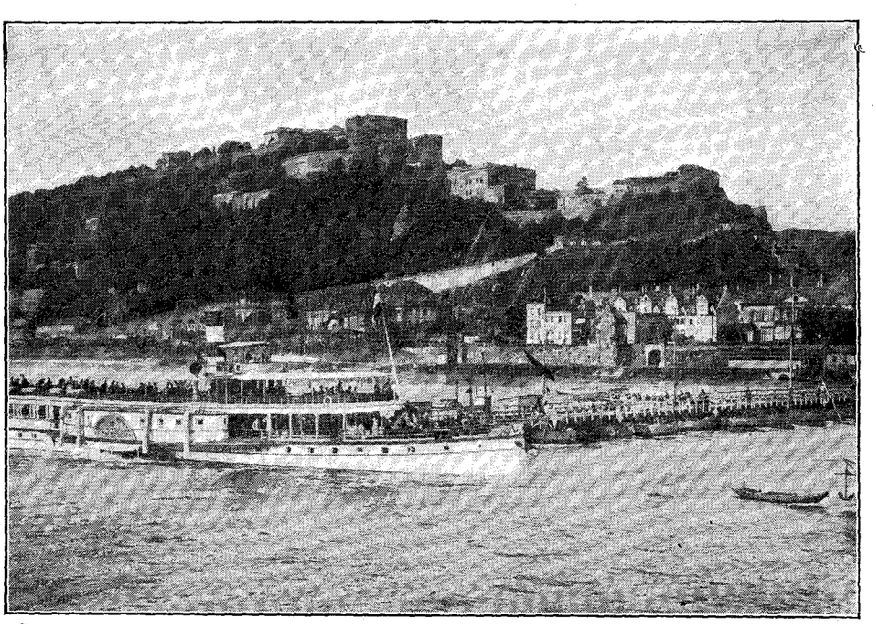
AT THIRTEEN "Spangy" blossomed out into the precocious dignity of Court organist. Through Frau Fischer's eyes, we see him dressed up for a function at the Castle, "in sea-green tailcoat, a flowered waistcoat of white satin, green knee-breeches with buckles, white silk stockings, black rosetted shoes, with his crush hat under his left arm, his dagger at his side, and crowned with curls and a pig-tail of real hair."

This is her description of the boy himself: "Short, stocky, broad shoulders, short neck, thick head, round nose, blackish brown complexion."

At sixteen, he visited Vienna, and played for Mozart. At first he made small impression on this young master, and saw that Mozart felt that he had prepared his improvisations. Piqued, he demanded an original theme. The famous composer gave him one with a catch in it, a melody so well hidden that only a musical intelligence of a high order could discover it. Ludwig instantly pounced upon this hidden tune, and improvised on it with such brilliant inspiration that the great man walked into the next room, exclaiming: "Watch that chap! Some day he'll make the world talk about him."

He was recalled to Bonn by his beloved mother's last illness, and reached there only in time for the end. All his life he was to fear for himself the tuberculosis which killed her. John the Gullet-Baptist immediately sold her clothes to the peddlers, in order to buy further libations. And Ludwig had the shame of seeing his mother's dresses hawked about in the market-place. The boy had always ardently loved this fine

1. In the "Bagatelles" (Op. 33), most of which were written in 1782, we have one of the first glimpses of Beethoven as an instrumental composer, and the very first of him as an emancipator of music. The "Bagatelles" founded the family which was to boast such progeny as the Schubert "Impromptus," the Chopin "Preludes," the Schumann "Kinderscenen" and the Brahms "Intermezzi."



Courtesy German Railroads

THE FAMOUS FORTRESS OF EHRENBREITSTEIN ON THE RHINE

where Beethoven's grandfather was head cook

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woman with the sad eyes which had never been known to smile, and he took her loss deeply to heart.

Towards the end of 1787 he fortunately secured two pupils in a cultured patrician family, the von Breunings. In the son Stephan, four years younger, he found a life-long friend, as well as in Eleonore, the daughter, who was two years his junior. Frau von Breuning became his second mother. This most tactful and understanding lady took him lovingly in hand, rounded off many of his sharper corners, introduced him to literature and cultivated society. Soon he looked upon the von Breuning's house as his alternative home.

Before 1792—the year he settled permanently in Vienna—Ludwig did not compose anything particularly noteworthy. For early brilliance, he was never on a par with Mozart, nor with Schubert and Mendelssohn, who at seventeen tossed off respectively "Gretchen at the Spinning Wheel" and the "Midsummer Night's Dream" overture. Like Bach, Wagner, Brahms and Franck, who never found their stride until they had passed twenty, Beethoven belonged among the late developing geniuses. Wagner, indeed, did not write "The Flying Dutchman" until he was thirty. And Franck waited until forty-eight before creating his first masterpiece, "The Beatitudes." The slowly ripening fruits are usually better. They have more juice.

Goethe was right: "One must be something in order to accomplish something." And here in the fruitful valley of the Rhine was slowly ripening a tremendous personality, magnetic, incalculable, of infinite richness, of inexhaustible interest. All the best of his work was destined to be a direct reflection of that personality.

Among his best friends in Bonn at this time were Franz Wegeler, who afterwards married Eleonore von Breuning, and Count Ferdinand von Waldstein, whom he was to immortalize by an important dedication. The Count became his first patron, saving his pride by conveying badly needed funds to him so tactfully that they seemed to be presents from the Elector.

Waldstein indeed was the first to realize what a genius Bonn had produced. And he was the first to develop Ludwig's extraordinary talent for improvising on a given theme, an accomplishment which was to prove a useful entering wedge in the Vienna days to come.

In a journal by Carl Ludwig Junker, Prince Hohenlohe's chaplain, we have a vivid impression of how that power then struck a contemporary. "I also heard one of the greatest of pianists, the dear good Bethofen *(sic)* . . . I heard him extemporize in private; yes, I was even invited to propose a theme for him to vary. The greatness of this amiable, light-hearted man, as a virtuoso, may in my opinion be safely estimated from his almost inexhaustible wealth of ideas, the altogether characteristic style of expression in his playing and the great execution which he displays. I know, therefore, no one thing which he lacks, that conduces to the greatness of an artist. I have heard Vogler[1] upon the pianoforte . . . and never failed to wonder at his astonishing execution; but Bethofen, in addition to the execution, has greater clearness and weight of idea, and more expression—in short, he is more for the heart—equally great, therefore, as an *Adagio* or *Allegro* player. Even the members of this remarkable orchestra are, without exception, his admirers, and are all ears when he plays. Yet he is exceedingly modest and free from all pretension . . . His style of treating his instrument is so different from that usually adopted, that it impresses one with the idea that by a path of his own discovery he has attained that height of excellence on which he now stands."

CHRISTIAN GOTTLOB NEEFE

He played an invaluable part in forming the man who was to free music

In spite of his tender age, Ludwig was now the head of the family. By court order he directly drew half of the paternal Gullet-Baptist's salsary "besides the salary which he now draws, and the three measures of grain for the support of his brothers." For four years he played viola in the theatre orchestra, an experience which was to prove invaluable to him as a symphonist. He fell violently in love with two young girls, Jeannette d'Horvath and Marie Westerhold, and promptly fell out again.

And then, one day in 1792, the world opened wide before him. Haydn passed through Bonn and encouraged the young man to visit Vienna and study with him. Count Waldstein thought highly of the scheme, and used his influence with the Elector. Finally all was arranged. Beethoven was to have his chance. Waldstein secured him a long leave of absence with salary, and sent him a charming and inspiring letter of farewell. It ended with the exhortation: "Receive Mozart's spirit from the hands of Haydn."

This letter was noteworthy, not as an accurate prophecy, but because it associated for the first time the three musical names which have since come to form a classic trinity. The fact is, the young Count's last sentence flew wide of the target. For, as usual, Beethoven bettered his well-meaning friend's idea. He acted on his life-principle, "Man, help thyself!" He went in for nothing second-hand. In-

1. This was the Abt Vogler of Robert Browning's well-known poem.

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stead, as his "Sketch Books" reveal, he worked out his own unique salvation with agony and bloody sweat.

II

On the 10th of November, 1792, Bonn's great man, not yet twenty-two, arrived in Vienna to seek his fortune. He was small, thin, homely, pock-marked, unkempt, morose-looking. His protruding front teeth forced his lips out at an awkward angle. He had an uncouth gait and a low-comedy Rhenish accent. His purse was light. Though the Elector promised to continue his small organist's salary, only a minute portion of this ever materialized, and it soon turned spectre-thin and died.

His only assets were a strong personality, a few letters of introduction from Waldstein,—and genius.

He possessed one particular gift, however, which instantly startled and struck the Austrian fancy—the ability to improvise on any theme whatever. Such a gift it was that built up the fame of "Blind Tom," the negro idiot. To prize a Beethoven exclusively for it was like valuing a gold-mine for the size of the sun-flowers that grow around the shaft entrance.

There is a danger inherent in such an endowment. A brilliant sight-reader is apt to despise technical grind and neglect finish, so that, as the saying goes, he reads better than he plays. Similarly the composer who can improvise is tempted to be superficial—to relinquish the "lamp at midnight hour" in favor of the pinwheel.[1]

It is probable that either Beethoven's contemporaries were dazzled and made less critical by the personal authority and charm of the man—or that his performances were mentally prepared in advance to a greater extent than they realized. In any event, his melodramatic "stunts" like improvising fluently from Steibelt's upside-down violoncello part must have astonished people too much to let them soberly assay the actual worth of the music. At first he was known as Beethoven the Improvisator.

His own first thought on arriving in Vienna was to make himself presentable. For a gentleman in the Eighteenth Century this was more difficult and expensive than it is to-day. "I must buy an entirely new outfit," we read in his notebook, with exact entries of the prices he paid for silk stockings, boots and shoes. After that, appears the address of a dancing master from whom he tried (actually in vain!) to learn how to oblige his feet to follow the dictates of his head.[2]

Then he sought out Haydn, who did not repudiate the letter of the promise he had made at their earlier meeting in Bonn, but agreed to give the young student instruction in harmony and counterpoint. Nor did the most famous living composer overcharge him. "Haidn 8 Groschen" is an entry in his notebook for December 12, 1792. This fee was the equivalent in present buying power, of about $3.20. What would Stravinsky, Strauss, Schoenberg or Ravel charge today for a single private theory lesson?

It was not long, however, before Beethoven found that his genial but somewhat toplofty master was giving him scant attention and correcting few of the many errors in his exercises. If this had happened later on, when deafness had made him morose and recognition had made him imperious, Beethoven would probably have hurled the exercise-book at his old master's head. But in 1792, the student still had his way to make. And so he performed unexampled prodigies of tact and self-mastery. Instead of treating Haydn to violence, he treated him to drinks, as witness these entries in the diary: "Coffee 6 Kreutzer for Haidn and me," and again; 22 Kreutzer for Haidn and me, chocolate."

To balance the celebrity's neglect, he took theory lessons in secret from the now forgotten composer, Johann Schenck, prudently recopying the exercises Schenck had corrected, before

(Please Turn to Page 637)

1. Beethoven's calibre was large enough to avoid this danger. His "Sketch Books," offer thrilling evidence that at least one improvisator of the first order could rewrite a tune ten, twenty, fifty times, until it assumed the one inevitable form.

2. Besides owning legs that would not obey a rhythmical brain, Beethoven probably had, even before his deafness, a poor ear for music, so far as pitch was concerned. Amenda relates that once when the Master undertook to play the violin for him the result was so fantastically out of tune that he had to yell for mercy.

From the Audio Graphic roll of Beethoven's life, by permission of the Aeolian Company

Woodcut by E. McNaught

ELECTORAL PALACE AT BONN IN BEETHOVEN'S TIME

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Generals

By T. R. YBARRA

PARIS.

ONE by one the supreme military leaders of the Great War are disappearing. The death of Marshal Foch here in Paris last month, closely followed by that of General Sarrail, cut down even further the already small company of men who held the highest commands during Europe's terrible four years of battle and bloodshed.

Now that the generalissimo of all the Allied armies and the commander of the Allied forces on the Salonica front are dead, France still retains only two men who, at some time during the World War, were in supreme command of her armies. These are Marshal Joffre, leader of the French at the outset of the War, and Marshal Pétain, who became commander-in-chief after the Germans had launched their terrific attack on Verdun in the early part of 1916. As Foch did not become the chief of the French Armies until after the great German drive of the spring of 1918, he is survived, therefore, by two of his predecessors in the post of French commander-in-chief. The other general who held that post during the War, General Nivelle, leader of the ill-starred offensive of 1916, died some time ago.

Of the other men who were in supreme command of the forces of their country during the great conflict, only two are still living. These are General Pershing, leader of the American troops in France in 1917 and 1918, and Field Marshal von Hindenburg, now President of the German Republic, who took charge of all the German armies in the War, after his successes, in conjunction with his Chief of Staff, General Ludendorff, on the eastern front, had made him and his collaborator the logical choice as the military team best suited for wielding the highest military authority in embattled Germany. Hindenburg, now in his eighty-second year, is much older than Pershing, his fellow survivor among the supreme war chiefs; indeed, the only man in his class, as an aged veteran, is Marshal Joffre.

Both the other German generals who were commanders-in-chief of their country's armies at some period of the War have been dead for some time. They were Von Moltke, nephew of the victorious marshal of the Franco-German War, and Falkenhayn, who, after failing in the great attack on Verdun, was relieved of the high command and sent to the Rumanian front. Germany has another famous survivor of the War in Marshal von Mackensen, who fought from the beginning to the end of the conflict against Russians, Serbs and Rumanians; but he was never in supreme command of the German armies.

Coming to the English, both their war-time commanders-in-chief — Marshal French and Lord Haig—are dead. French, it will be remembered, was the leader of the "Old Contemptibles" and faced the great German advance into France in 1914 when Joffre, further east, was defending Paris against it at the Marne. Afterwards, French got at loggerheads with British leaders at home and was superseded by Haig, who led the British attacks on the Somme front and was chief of his country's armies right up to the signing of the Armistice.

Italy had two commanders-in-chief during the War and both of them are dead. When she entered the struggle in the spring of 1915 her supreme leader was General Cadorna. Under his orders the Italians captured Gorizia and advanced to the very gates of Trieste, but the terrible Italian débâcle after Caporetto, which allowed the Germans and Austrians to penetrate Italian territory as far as the banks of the Piave, forced Cadorna to resign from the high command. He was superseded by General Diaz, who, by his great triumph over his country's enemies shortly before the Armistice, earned for himself the title of Duca della Vittoria.

ANOTHER commander-in-chief of the armies of one of the Allies survived the War until a few months ago. This was the Grand Duke Nicholas of Russia, who led the Russian armies against Hindenburg and Ludendorff in the first part of the War and afterwards routed the Turks in Armenia and captured the great fortress of Erzerum. Forced to leave Russia when the Bolsheviki came into power, Nicholas retired to France, where many Russian exiles rallied around him as the heir presumptive to the Russian imperial throne. But whatever plots there may have been to place him upon it never came to anything. After living for some time near Paris, Nicholas went to the Riviera, where he died a few months ago.

Another great Russian leader, Brusiloff, who smashed through the Austrian armies in 1916 and was stopped by the Germans only after the most strenuous efforts, is also on the list of World War commanders who are in their graves. Unlike the Grand Duke Nicholas, he made his peace with the Bolsheviki some time before his death and he died in his native Russia.

Of the most noted naval commanders in the War, the Englishmen, Lord Jellicoe and Lord Beatty, are still living, whereas their German opponent, Admiral von Scheer, died a short time ago.

MANY WILL VIEW with regret the passing of World War generals but extremely few will grieve over the passing of the passport. And, if certain signs are indicative of coming events, the passport is fighting a losing fight—a most delightful piece of news for tourists in Europe!

Now it is France that has joined the list of nations doing their best to suppress this international nuisance. Though much must be done there and elsewhere before it is finally relegated to its pre-war harmlessness, it really looks as if, before long, the passport will be nearly as great a curiosity as during the first years of the present century.

The first step toward mitigating the passport evil is the tendency, becoming more and more common nowadays, to suppress the necessity of securing visas. Several countries in Europe require travelers from certain other countries to show passports, but require no visas for entering their territory. Switzerland and Belgium, for instance, allow Americans to cross their frontiers without one, and Dutch visas are so easy to get that Holland is almost in the Swiss-Belgian class.

During the last few years there has also been a tendency to reduce the cost of visas. Germany, for example, is giving them to many foreign visitors free of charge, and other lands which, a short time ago, charged Americans $10, have lowered their rate for visas. All of which points to the possibility that soon an era may dawn similar to those happy pre-war days when only travelers entering Russia were armed with passports.

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The Intelligentsia

What It Ought to Know

By STRUTHERS BURT

The author, no mean critic himself, does not minimize the social value of a caustic; what he does object to is the peculiar critical habit of continuing "to beat dead horses long after the fife and drum corps has turned the corner." Mr. Burt thinks that two real needs of this country are decentralization of the government in Washington and decentralization of the Intelligentsia in New York

ONE OF THE commonest errors into which the partially educated fall, or those, fairly well educated, who because of birth or early environment have missed the opportunity to build up subtle standards or delicate comparisons, is that men differ greatly from each other in the quality of their brains. They assume that between themselves and those who think with them, and the rest of the world, there is a wide distance, not in acquired knowledge or opportunity or good fortune, but in the actual ability to think. The raw material of thought, as it were. They assume that they have been endowed with an especial and delicate instrument which separates them completely from their neighbors. Their attitude toward these neighbors, therefore, is one of ironic despair; humorous, if the exponents of the attitude are good-tempered, savage, if they are choleric.

This delusion is common among university professors, clergymen of the higher rank, newspapermen, editors, politicians who have had the misfortune to be called "statesmen," young artists, young writers, and a certain selected group wintering in insane asylums. It is almost universal among those who, born in a small town or on a farm, have achieved a large city. Large cities are filled with ex-townsmen or ex-farmers reveling in a contempt for the classes which they have left, and believing that, outside of their own small circle, all their fellow citizens belong to these classes. Combining all the victims of this delusion into a single class, we have the generic name, Intelligentsia.

When we use this name we know what we mean although it is difficult to give a precise definition. When we meet a member of the Intelligentsia we have an immediate intuitive shock that tells us that we have met one, although why this particular male or female should pick himself or herself out of the ranks of the ordinarily intelligent or ordinarily released, exhibiting at once characteristics that preclude any prospect of eventual greatness, is another problem. Perhaps, outside of the aura of contempt I have already mentioned, the most marked clue is the instantaneous sinking feeling that here is someone who ought to be wise, who almost is wise, and yet who, none the less, is terribly foolish. There is a sense of stewardship gone astray, of talents mishandled. Suddenly you understand perfectly the Biblical parable, and the understanding of that parable is amongst the saddest perceptions that can come to one.

APPALLING as an idiot is, he is not as appalling as a brave and thinking man who is also mostly an idiot. An idiot is an idiot and you can reconcile yourself to the fact much as it may vary from your ideal of a perfect human race; but a brave and thinking man who is also an idiot makes questionable all effort.

That is the fundamental reason why, below and beyond any of the reasons I have related, or those I haven't related, to a person of my temperament, the most disheartening gatherings it is possible to attend are the intimate small parties of serious thinkers that take place in New York, London or Paris; save possibly it be similar gatherings in Princeton, Yale, Harvard, Cambridge or Oxford. The weekly meetings of the local grange or the local Kiwanis or Rotary clubs are frolics in comparison; for dull as these usually are, and obstinate, evilly educated, narrow, selfish, bombastic as the average members of these organizations may be, actually, beneath the surface of their timorous façades, they are as a rule grave and searching men, not in the least sure that they know everything. At the worst, they are engaged in the dignified and ancient occupation of striving to wring a living from a hostile environment which, however drab it may appear on the surface, is considerably more gallant than the attempt to discover a technique so esoteric that it will flatter one's sense of superior isolation.

Could we find some way of diverting into other channels the admitted open-mindedness and humility of the average American toward the more practical problems of life, we would be able before long to settle most of the spiritual ones. Wisdom does not consist in knowledge, or even experience, it consists largely in the ability to keep open a gap between what you know, however great, and what you want to learn. We have all known wise children and very stupid ancient men of vast information. The humble man, however ignorant, cannot help but be wise, the vainglorious man, however learned, cannot help but be ignorant. The Publican was a wise man, the Pharisee an experienced and cultivated one. It is a pity the two are so seldom combined. But socially and intellectually if you have to choose between the two, you had best choose the former.

Social pleasure arises in a group where no one thinks himself better than his companions: intellectual pleasure, also possible profit, arises in a group where no one thinks himself much wiser than his companions. To repeat, therefore, for pure interest and pleasure I much prefer the average Kiwanis luncheon to the average meeting of the Intelligentsia. On the whole, of course, I would prefer not to attend either.

PUTTING to one side the numerous unfortunates who because of ill health, insurmountable environment, unfortunate ancestry, a dozen other causes, actually suffer disqualifying disabilities, there is not much difference in the quality of the brains of the average man and the superior man. The difference is a quantitative one, a relative one, and has more to do with character and circumstances, not to mention luck, than mentality. A trifling increase in energy, persistence, courage and tact, a job where he is permitted to speak his mind, will give a man a start in the race. He should not compliment himself on the more delicate texture of his mind or the separation it predicates from ordinary

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mankind. Probably on the whole that actual mind is no finer than the mind of the green grocer, it has simply been used differently and has had more opportunity.

As an author, for example, I do not pride myself especially or consider myself a moral hero because I am able to exhibit more moral courage than many of my fellows. Of course I can. One of the compensations of being an author is that one is privileged to be outspoken. I can thumb my nose at all the forces of nonsense and suppression whenever I feel like it, and if one medium of publication doesn't like this gesture another will. In short, I can make a living thumbing my nose. But it would be very different if I were the leading stationer of a small town, a United States Senator, or a Baptist parson. There is nothing more amusing—in a sad way—than to see some "creative genius" causing a disturbance under the impression that he is being revolutionary. Who wants to stop him or can stop him? Real bravery—or madness—would consist in the wife of the local plumber doing the same thing.

But—you insist—the really first class man does not become the leading stationer of a small town, a United States Senator, or a Baptist parson. Considering chance, who your parents were, where you were born, whom you married, and a dozen other uncertainties, this is a statement difficult of proof. I do not in the least believe, for instance, that poets are born not made. Obviously they are made, however mysterious the making. If this were not so, they would appear spontaneously in every age, and we all know this does not happen. The Massachusetts Colony, for instance, did not produce poets.

And so I can sum up my first premise, that above the rank of high-grade imbecile, there is not much potential difference between men, and that, therefore, there is hope for all of them—if the key can be found; and so, in consequence, there is also hope for the slow general progress of the world. This progress is infinitesimal, irritating, and, like the progress of a battle fleet, conditioned by the speed of the slowest, but it must be there unless you take the point of view of the Intelligentsia that intelligence is unaccountable, sporadic, confined to a few, and with no powers of self-perpetuation. As for myself, I can see little difference, fundamentally speaking, between a Dr. Cadman and a John Dewey except that John Dewey, through circumstances too hidden to dissect, has had the great fortune not to be a Dr. Cadman. But even Dr. Cadman, if taken young enough, might have become a John Dewey.

There are, of course, generally speaking, two ways of looking at mankind, anyhow; you can either be astonished at how dreadful people are, considering how fine they could be, or you can be astonished at how nice they are, considering how dreadful they could be. You can either, taking your own luck as a criterion, wonder at the stupidity of those not so fortunate, or, taking your own luck as a criterion, wonder, considering your own stupidity, why others are less fortunate than you. After all, Lucifer was a fallen angel, St. Francis of Assisi a reformed devil. After all, in every man is a devil and an angel, and in every devil and angel a man. What they become depends on the way they fall, since they all fall.

I am therefore not dismayed when the majority of my fellow citizens vote the Republican ticket, pass anti-evolution laws, maintain Prohibition while evading it, or participate in any other one of a score of similar irrational antics. Even if it were not for the fact of ever present minorities, I would not despair, since history is a matter of æons, not week-ends. It was once remarked about Lord Balfour that his calmness arose from his conviction that we were merely living between two ice ages, and although that point of view is too fatalistic to be held safely by any but a first-class man, in a modified form it is useful. Certainly it is useful in doing away with despondency concerning the permanent power of folly.

There is only one intrinsic difference between men and that is their attitude toward fear. The history of fear and the attempt to overcome it is the history of the world. Men differ comparatively little in their desires or the quality of their brains, their secret lives are fairly similar; but fear, or the lack of it, conditions their conscious lives. And here again, it is not so much native courage that is in question as happy environment and the opportunity to escape fear. The millionaire can afford to be more courageous than the poor man, the bachelor more so than the married man, the inhabitant of a large city more so than the citizen of a small town, and so on ad infinitum. Considering the hostile and dangerous environment into which all men are born, it is astounding that so many are as brave as they are. It is, when you come down to it, astounding that men should make any effort whatsoever, especially altruistic effort, since long ago mankind could have moved to the tropics and have lived happily on bananas.

And now I can come to my second premise—the key with which to unlock the potentialities inherent, up to a certain point, in most men. The key to make them work.

If the potentialities of most men are fairly high—or fairly low; it makes no difference so long as you will grant an average—and fear is the most important factor in conditioning those potentialities; then the primary object of those who would have men live up anywhere near to their possibilities is to destroy as much as possible this fear. Obviously this is the primary duty of all those who by one chance or another have become more released than their fellows. It makes no difference what medium they use—art, politics, law, philanthropy, medicine, theology—consciously or unconsciously that is their principal job. Therefore, it is the job not only of all wise men, but, whether they know it or not, of the Intelligentsia as well. I do not think for one moment that the Intelligentsia, save in rare instances, will ever undertake this job. They never have throughout history. Another one of their distinguishing characteristics is that they are not interested in this problem; that half the time they don't believe there is such a problem even when it is pointed out to them.

The difference between the great man, artist or otherwise, and the average member of the Intelligentsia is that the great man, consciously or unconsciously, is preoccupied with the job in question at the expense of himself, whereas the latter is preoccupied with himself at the expense of the job. It is his own personality in which he is interested, just as the average literary critic is not interested in the book he is criticising but in the effect his personality will make upon the reader of his criticism. As for the great man, he cannot help himself; he is not his own master.

This job of overcoming fear is the most delicate job imaginable. It necessitates an entire absence of aloofness, it requires an infinite amount of tact and vicarious imagination, of patience, the three qualities which more

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than any other the average intellectual lacks. But, on the other hand, all great prophets have these qualities, all great leaders, all great artists, all great teachers, all great horsemen, and—I add without in the least meaning to be frivolous—all great lovers. In these respects Casanova resembles Buddha. Nor are any of these ever aloof—they have invariably and instinctively the common touch. The ordinary citizen, made so by his life, is as wary and shy as the shyest night creature. In comparison the rabbit is adventurous and bellicose. You must first win the confidence of the ordinary citizen before you can get very far with him. At the slightest signs of patronization or intellectual contempt he is off and out of sight.

BUT WHAT does the intellectual do, especially in America, because, in America more than elsewhere, until very recently at least, his roots have not been in the soil? He proceeds to insult these shy creatures and then wonders why his message is disregarded.

I am not minimizing the beneficial results of a caustic, and I know the power of satire and the constant need for it. But strong remedies should be handled by experts and the expert satirist is a rare creature, as rare as the expert surgeon. While he is searing and cutting, the rest of the doctors had best be about the task of building up the patient's strength. Building up the patient's strength, however, is not congenial to the average member of the Intelligentsia, it does not pander to self-importance. It is not dramatic enough. None the less, save a man feel a special call for the serious and subtle profession of condemnatory criticism and social irony, he can make his discontent with the existing order far more effective by editing a country newspaper as Sherwood Anderson is doing or joining the nearest Kiwanis club. Boring from within accomplishes as a rule some good, however slight, while—to make a shameless play on words—being boring from without accomplishes nothing. What this country needs at present is a decentralization of the government in Washington and a decentralization of the Intelligentsia in New York.

To beg the average intellectual to consider more carefully his premises and approach, and to urge him to attempt to work more closely with the average citizen is, however, as I have said, a fruitless task, but there is a third point which he does not know and which contains a delicate joke of which every so often he is the unwitting victim. The world does move, the battle lines do change, and what nobly you were attacking yesterday becomes, tomorrow, stale news. It is the peculiarity of the satirist that having taken his position, in the beginning, always a revolutionary one, within a decade by the mere inevitable processes of change, that position is antedated and becomes static. By his very nature the satirist can never keep up with the procession except at the start, when he is always ahead of it. He continues to beat dead horses long after the fife and drum corps has turned the corner. I will remark in passing that the most eager readers of the "American Mercury" I happen to know at present are all members of various Kiwanis and Rotary clubs, and the only person I have ever met who has read "Heliogabalus" is a Kiwanian.

Courtesy Charles Scribner's Sons

STRUTHERS BURT

There is no need for the Intelligentsia to worry any longer about the lack of sophistication of the American people. Anti-evolution laws are passed and Prohibition maintained not because of lack of sophistication, but because there is too much sophistication of the wrong kind—sophistication on the part of legislators willing to throw sops to fanatics, sophistication on the part of fanatics using sophistry to obtain their ends, sophistication on the part of the ordinary voter unwilling to take the time or trouble to study public problems. You will only lose your fight if you think your enemy is naïve. Our reformers, evangelists and buffoons are exceedingly sophisticated, far more so than the average member of the Intelligentsia. Wayne Wheeler was adroitly sophisticated, Aimee Semple McPherson and "Billy" Sunday are too much citizens of the world, and if anyone imagines that Senator Heflin is just a plain fool he or she is due for a painful awakening. One has only to see his Senatorial make-up to realize the contrary. The fight between enlightenment and the powers of darkness is a far more esoteric and dangerous one than it has ever been. But the ordinary citizen in whom all hope lies, is neither a fool, a "boob," nor a fundamentalist, merely a man mortally afraid lest someone take away his chance to provide for himself, his wife and his children.

Most of my life I have lived in what Mr. Mencken calls at times "the Bible belt," and at other times, "the total immersion belt." When I haven't been doing that I have been living in New York or Europe. And although my point of view may be inherently infantile I remain persistently encouraged by the slow, steady, instinctive growth in all ways of the United States. I do not want to exaggerate this growth, or lose sight of the evils that accompany it, or the ignorances or stupidities that remain over from earlier periods, but on the other hand I will not be discouraged. I am impressed with what you can do with the average citizen if you approach him tactfully, I am depressed by the immaturity of the average intellectual.

The only way to accomplish anything is to start at the bottom and work up; to educate yourself as best you can by experience, thought, observation, and then, if you have anything to say, to run it through as sympathetic channels as possible. The "Nation" is read by people who read the "Nation," the "Saturday Evening Post" is read by every one. There is danger in that theory, but not half as much danger as in the opposite theory. One of the finest men I know has never accomplished anything because, after a disillusionment or two, he assumed that everyone else was an idiot or a criminal. Even if they were, you wouldn't get very far with them by telling them so. Confucius said that you dishonored yourself by mistrusting others. The man in question is at present head of a small trucking concern. You can't do much from the front of a truck, but even at that, you can do more, I believe, than by addressing the average gathering of the Intelligentsia.

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The Trend of Events

Waste or Monopoly?

A PRETTY dilemma puzzles the country. Which horn will it choose? Conservation of oil with danger of monopoly? Or anti-trust laws with danger of waste of oil? Editors of the daily press do hardly more than state the dilemma and shake their heads.

President Hoover presented the country with its present kettle of fish when he announced his highly praised policy of stopping the issuance of leases for oil drilling in the public domain. At last, it was said, this extravagant Nation is going to stop its wasteful overproduction of petroleum. Of course the President's policy affects only about one tenth of the known oil reserves of the country; but his order is an example that private oil producers will follow. He has shown the way. And, sure enough, the big oil companies fell promptly into line. The American Petroleum Institute, consisting of the most important concerns engaged in oil production in this hemisphere, proposed to limit production to an amount equal to that produced in 1928. Here seemed something done worth while. Instead of recklessly drawing upon our diminishing reserves of oil and running the risk of becoming dependent on other countries for fuel to drive our automobiles and steamships, including our naval vessels, we were beginning to show common sense. There would of course be plenty of gasoline and lubricant, for modern methods have shown us how to get more of the finished product from the same supply. What could be more promising?

But there is a lion in the way in the form of our anti-trust laws. Would such an agreement as the Petroleum Institute proposed be tantamount to a combination in restraint of trade? That question was put to Mr. Hoover's Attorney General, and like the discreet official that he is, he would give no advisory opinion. If you make such an agreement, he said in effect, you will have to run your own risk. You would like me to give you immunity from prosecution? Well, you won't get it. You are welcome to try it and see.

Mr. Hoover may say, "Come on in, boys;" but Mr. Mitchell refuses to add, "The water's fine."

And that leaves the oil industry—and incidentally the country—in a quandary.

To the oil industry the question appears in one form: How can we stop this ruinous competition in draining off a natural resource without running the risk of criminal prosecution? To the country the same question appears in another form: How can we escape from the present waste of irreplaceable wealth without incurring the danger of being exploited?

The oil industry might be saved from its quandary if Congress would modify the anti-trust laws so as to permit an agreement to limit production. Independent oil producers would still continue to draw off oil without restraint and at least temporarily profit by the self-restraint of their big competitors; but, as editors point out, with the relaxation of the anti-trust laws, the independents would disappear in mergers. With the gaining of a free hand, the oil industry's troubles would be ended, but not the quandary of the Nation. If production of oil could be limited by agreement, and demand for oil should continue, the price of oil would go up. Every owner of an automobile would feel the pinch.

Sykes in the New York Evening Post

The season opens

Can we not save our oil without putting ourselves into the clutch of a world monopoly?

Some newspapers vaguely suggest that the limiting of oil production be determined by some other authority than that of the oil producers themselves. Here they would have the Government step in. Let Congress give the Federal Oil Conservation Board—or some other Government body—power to decide when and by how much production of petroleum may be limited. Eureka! Editorial brains have found the solution—except for just one little flaw. That would be Government price-fixing; and in the eyes of the Hoover Administration, and presumably of the Nation—Government price-fixing is anathema.

As a publicity stunt for the noble cause of Conservation the President's oil announcement is the best since Roosevelt. Even from the West—the rather far West—Denver, to be exact—comes a confession of faith in Conservation. Senator Walsh's voice, raised on behalf of the religion of waste, has died away echoless. Everybody is a Conservationist nowadays. Even the lumber people are beseeching somebody to save them from the sin of cutting timber four times as fast as it can grow.

The Nation wants Conservation; but it is still afraid of monopoly. The suggestion of one newspaper—Democratic and anti-monopoly at that—that the way out is by granting freedom of action to oil executives of a high type is refreshingly naïve, but does not move us much nearer a solution. The Hoover Administration is for Conservation but appears to be against the only practical measures for securing it. There are three rocks in the strait through which the ship of state must sail—waste, monopoly, price-fixing. Can Hoover pilot us through without striking one of the three?

As counselors the editors of the daily press can find nothing more definite to recommend than "some action."

Trying to End the Stalemate

THERE ARE THOSE who expect the Institute and the Government to agree upon a *modus operandi* that will prove satisfactory. It is pointed out that in the great tobacco and oil suits the Supreme Court held that the basis for prosecution must be the rule of reason. It is the intention of the industry to go ahead with its program and let the Government take the next step.

President Hoover's unwillingness to permit his Administration to sponsor the industry's arbitrary program of restriction is, perhaps, only natural. He

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does not care to have his Administration held responsible for any increase in the price of gasoline or other essential products that may result from far-reaching conservation. Government intervention at this stage, he seems to feel, may eventually lead to regulation of the whole industry, as is true of the railroads, and he rebels at such a thought. It does not seem, however, unreasonable to distinguish between Government interference in ordinary business and Government responsibility for an industry that is dependent upon a valuable and exhaustible natural resource. We can depend upon competition for some things, but not for conservation.

The Federal Oil Conservation Board is studying an alternative plan proposed by the Petroleum Institute's spokesmen. This contemplates a conference of the Governors of Western States in which there are extensive oil lands. It is believed that if the Governors of California, Oklahoma and Texas will co-operate in a program for stricter intra-State control, the problem will be almost solved. There would still be the difficulty of curbing "wild-catters," who represent from ten to twenty per cent of the industry, but they might be brought in eventually. Yet Governors are as human and politically minded as Presidents and Attorney-Generals. Lacking oil royalties, a State Administration must boost its tax rates and give a powerful weapon to political opponents inside and outside its own party. Nevertheless, it is understood that the Federal Oil Conservation Board looks more favorably on this suggestion than on the other scheme.

▸▸*Congress With Us Again*

CONGRESS CONVENES with the White House strongly opposed to Republican proposals for sweeping tariff changes.

Before the date of this issue Congress will have listened to Mr. Hoover's message. This special session has been called to legislate in particular for farm relief. If the bill it passes incorporates ideas culled from Mr. Hoover's campaign speeches, it will provide far greater development of farm cooperatives, in both number and importance, the creation of stabilization corporations, temporary financing by the Government through a revolving fund, and the establishment of a Federal Farm Board to administer the act. The most far-reaching step is considered to be the stabilization corporations, which would be empowered to buy and hold surplus production until marketing conditions became more favorable for the grower.

Even without a wholesale revision of the tariff, changes in schedules to benefit the farmer may cause trouble. A stream of protests from Canada and South American countries, as well as retaliatory action against American goods on the Continent, seems to have convinced American politicians, if not some manufacturers, that this is a small world, after all.

Orphans often grow big, and this may

Wide World

CONGRESSMAN ARRESTED

Representative Michaelson of Illinois, dry law supporter, who was arrested for bringing liquor into the country last October

be true of the special session. Although House leaders propose to organize only sufficient committees to act on tariff and farm relief, there are widespread demands for a more open season on legislation. The Senate, of course, is always organized, and Senator Watson, Republican leader, predicts that many questions will be taken up before the end of the session, which he schedules for September. In any event, besides the inevitable ado about prohibition, there will be efforts made for the passage of a reapportionment measure, a rivers and harbors bill, the lame duck resolution, anti-injunction legislation and, possibly, ratification of the new formula for American entrance into the World Court.

In short, the session promised with so much misgiving in the heat of the campaign may develop into a Pandora's box of political troubles. The next few weeks will tell.

▸▸*Under Sea and in the Air*

TWO STARTLING exploration plans for the future are those of Sir Hubert Wilkins, who wants to make a 2,000-mile trip in a submarine beneath the ice of the Arctic seas, and the coming voyages of the British super-dirigibles now announced to be ready to take the air this summer.

It seems that for years Wilkins has longed to study ocean depths in the North Polar regions. He believes that the plan to use a submarine for this purpose is perfectly feasible and reasonably safe—"much safer than an airplane flight across the Arctic sea and one that can be carried out with very little expense." At first Sir Hubert thought that the voyage could be carried out this summer and still leave time for him to return to his important Antarctic exploration planned for next winter. But close figuring has shown that the margin of time is too small and he has put the plan over until next summer. If he succeeds in both enterprises he will probably be the only man living to carry out extensive exploration the same year in both North and South Polar regions.

The two British monster dirigibles, R-100 and R-101, are reported almost finished and one may be seen over London next month. Only one will be used at a time because of the difficulty of getting satisfactory trained crews for both.

How spacious the accommodations are is seen in the fact that a hundred passengers and a crew of forty-eight are to be provided with sleeping quarters and the lounge, dining-room, promenade deck and smoking room are on that scale. The maximum diameter is 131 feet, 8 inches, which may be compared with the 98.44 feet diameter of the Graf Zeppelin.

▸▸*Mexico—Incorrigible*

THE LATEST UPRISING in Mexico has reached the irritatingly familiar stage at which, the rebels having been driven northward toward the border, bullets and bombs begin to fall on the United States side of the line. President Hoover has had to direct the War Department to take necessary measures for protection of lives and property along the border in consequence of

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bombing and machine-gun and rifle fire incidental to fighting just across the international line from Naco, Arizona.

Rebel troops attacking the Mexican town of Naco, Sonora, caused the trouble. A Mexican patrol, attempting to regain some bombs hidden on the United States side of the border, disregarded a challenge of the American patrol; fighting ensued; and a negro trooper named Finezee went down wounded in the chest before the Mexicans were dispersed.

A rebel plane attacking Federal trenches dropped a bomb, which exploded on the Arizona side about fifty feet from the Western Union telegraph office. A fragment, falling in the yard of his home, wounded Charles Newton. During the three-hour battle, two Mexican residents of Naco, Arizona, a girl and a woman, were slightly wounded.

The rebel commander, General Topete, promised to stop using bombs on the Mexican town; but the danger from bullets hissing through the Arizona town continued. Officials at Washington made it plain that, if required, United States forces would drive both rebels and Federals back far enough to establish a safety zone.

Meanwhile, General Calles routed the main rebel armies of General Escobar in two bloody but decisive battles around Jimenez and La Reforma, in northern central Mexico. Nothing seemed to be left to do but to chase the retreating rebels northward and westward and gradually to clear them out. For General Escobar and his associates there appeared to remain only the time-dishonored course of escape across the frontier to collect the bank deposits that they are reported to have looted from Federal banks and shipped abroad.

▸▸*China Worries Through*

THE CHINESE NATIONALISTS have withstood their first test of fire to vindicate their claim to control the country.

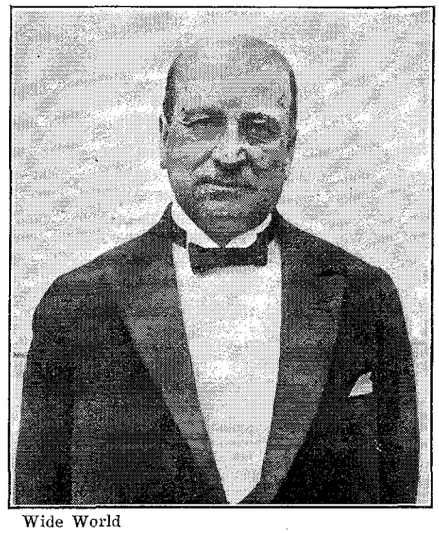
A few weeks ago, they faced what seemed to be a serious threat to their administration at Nanking. In Shantung Province General Chang Tsung-chang had rallied some of the forces of the former Northern militarists, and was starting a campaign to set up a new Government. In Canton, far to the south, uprisings of radicals against the Nationalists were under way. In Hankow and Wuchang, the important industrial cities of central China on the Yangtse River, an apparently more formidable movement of similar forces was heading up.

Now Chang Tsung-chang has met with reverses in Shantung. The situation in Canton has turned in favor of the Nationalist Government. Its President, General Chiang Kai-shek, has mastered Hankow and Wuchang with his armies and with the aid of the friendly neutrality of Marshal Feng Yu-hsiang, whose power could have swung the balance the other way had it been—as rumor stated—his desire.

The outcome is that China presents once more a prospect of unification.

▸▸*Working on the Railroads*

BECAUSE cheap, efficient and dependable transportation is so vital a factor in the development of a backward nation, China's attempt to put her railway system in order is an encouraging sign of progress under the new régime. The Nationalist Government has invited John J. Mantell, former vice president of the Erie Railroad and war-time superintendent of all transportation entering and leaving the Port of New York, to put her railroads upon an efficient basis. Mr. Mantell has been asked to "Americanize" the roads. What the word seems to mean here is that American rolling stock and equipment are to replace the present outworn material, and American efficiency take the place of the present sketchy operation.



Wide World

NEXT SENATOR FROM KANSAS

Henry J. Allen, former Governor of Kansas, who it is reported has been appointed Senator from Kansas to succeed Vice-President Curtis

Not only have the roads been allowed to deteriorate pitifully during the years of civil war; a number of them have been utilized by regional war lords as ready means for acquiring new capital to fight their wars. Most of these war lords have issued their own unofficial currency. All the money collected for transportation of freight and passengers has been traded for its equivalent in worthless paper, the funds thus collected being utilized to pay for new war materials or to swell the personal balance of the war lord.

It is no easy task, it is plain to see, that Mr. Mantell faces.

▸▸*The Sturdy Hobo*

WHEN THE FROST is out of the ground the hobo turns his thoughts to a season of work. For the hobo is neither a tramp nor a bum. He more or less hibernates in some big city, to be sure, and emerges in the spring shambling and bleary-eyed but by no means a weakling.

Mr. Leinen, agent for a large employing company, told a New York "Herald Tribune" writer that last year he hired 133,000 hoboes from the Bowery to work on railways near New York. "What's more," said Mr. Leinen, "they are a fine bunch of men. I have never met a criminal among them. They are honest men and faithful friends. Occasionally, when they are hopped up or slopped with smoke, one of them smashes a window, but when they are on a job in one of our camps (the one place in America where prohibition is really enforced—we know how), they are square, trustworthy and industrious."

Highly interesting is Mr. Leinen's definition of the distinction between the hobo, the tramp and the bum. The first is a migratory worker; the second a migratory non-worker; the third a stationary non-worker; while a pseudo-hobo who applies for work in order to get to some place where he wants to go is a "sight-seer."

These class distinctions probably overlap a little but at least the hobo is highly insulted to be called out of his class-name. He, and he alone of the three, plays a valuable part in the economic system.

▸▸*Pooling Jurors*

SOME FIVE YEARS AGO the Outlook commented upon the fact that of the fifty thousand jurors called each year in the city of New York many were forced by court procedure to sit twiddling their

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thumbs instead of listening to cases. The Outlook was bold enough to suggest a remedy for this waste of time, energy and patience. The Outlook wrote, "It might occur to a layman unfamiliar with court tradition that it would be an excellent plan, where there is more than one part in session in the same building, to devise a system for putting all the jurors required in one building into one panel and allocating the individual members of that panel to the several parts as they were required. Such a system would certainly cut the number of jurors needed at least in half. It would result in saving thousands of dollars and the tempers of uncounted jurymen."

Now this same idea has occurred to the Justices of the Supreme Court of New York County as well as to the hypothetical layman of our editorial. In seven of the twenty-one parts of the Supreme Court the jurors are to be pooled and drawn upon as their services are needed in various court rooms. One room is to be reserved as an assembly and another as an impaneling room. According to the organ of the Association of Grand Jurors of New York County it is estimated that under this system a forty per cent reduction will be made in the number of jurors called.

Apparently the wheels of justice do move even if they move slowly. If the new system can be made to serve the needs of the lawyers and the judges it will certainly prove a boon to jurymen. If the courts can only handle their jurors intelligently there will be fewer jurors who seek exemption through either political pull or flimsy excuses.

▶▶*Going Nature One Better*

IT USED TO BE THOUGHT somewhat immoral to tamper with Nature's normal processes, whether it was removing a diseased appendix or by vaccination saving the life of a child foreordained by fate to die. But no one has risen yet to demand that shippers of fruit cease retarding the normal ripening of pears by the exclusion of oxygen from them, nor is it thought likely that any one will regard as a sacrilege the recent discovery of two Cornell men of science that carbon dioxide can be used to prevent the decomposition of eggs. Patents on the latter discovery have been applied for, so economically important is it believed to be.

Sealing tobacco in an atmosphere of inert gas such as nitrogen, after the air has been removed from the container, has been done for several years. This preserves its flavor. An inert gas is one which will not easily enter into chemical combination with other chemical substances. Similarly in application, pears shipped from South Africa to England and, of course, elsewhere, may soon travel in a gas-tight container over a chemical which almost completely inhibits the ripening processes during the long journey. It will be recalled that antipodean fruits mature at the time of the northern winter, reaching England when competing American fruits have acquired six months' cold storage charges. The Food Investigation Board of the British Ministry of Agriculture, in reporting on this discovery, point out that it "is merely an extension to fruit in bulk of a mechanism with which each fruit is provided by Nature," meaning that the fruit itself has a simple method of providing the same environment but to a less degree. At Cornell a similar thing was found true of the egg: a newly hatched egg contains carbon dioxide which, however, soon escapes through the porous shell. Ten per cent carbon dioxide in the atmosphere suffices to replace the condition.

Remarkable Remarks

The process of government among us becomes a process of pillage and extortion.—H. L. MENCKEN.

Congress wants everybody to go broke just to prove they are right.—WILL ROGERS.

A man who makes both his wife and his children unhappy has something radically wrong in his make-up.—BRUNO LESSING.

Why should not a mother be proud of her baby should he be born with one eye and three ears and a pair of noses?—WILLIAM LYON PHELPS.

If a woman should ever actually stop doing things she might think—or something.—HELEN ROWLAND.

Walking, pushing open doors and closing windows, getting in and out of taxicabs, waving one's hand to friends across the street—that is enough exercise for any one.—GEORGE JEAN NATHAN.

I'd rather get a single that wins the ball game than to get three home runs in a game we lose.— BABE RUTH.

When I do not understand a thing I forbid it.—ST. JOHN ERVINE.

Surely it is not essential that a prohibitionist should also be a mucker.—HEYWOOD BROUN.

▶▶*The People's Ships*

WHEN THE VESSELS of the United States Lines, Inc. go to sea under private operation, a large share of their ownership will be scattered through the American people, hopes Paul W. Chapman, who bought the ships from the Government for $16,082,000. To this end, stock of no par value and therefore low in price will be offered to the public. Only the control, states Mr. Chapman, will be closely held, a precaution made necessary by his pledge to the Government that the ownership will not pass out of American hands. Stock will have a public offering as soon as final details of the ships' transfer to private hands have been arranged. Although no formal date has been set for the transfer of all the line's ships, the first sailing of the lines under private ownership is that of the Leviathan, flagship of the company, on April 10. At a ceremony held on board the giant liner April 8, the house flag of the new owner was run up, and the Government took its first step toward retiring from the shipping business, while private America took a step toward developing our merchant marine.

▶▶*Prohibition in the News*

WEARY THOUGH most Americans may be of the inconclusive but interminable discussion between wet and dry, prohibition persists in providing a large share of the news.

Let us take, for example, some of the events headlined in the daily press during the early days of this month.

Charges that Representative Morgan, a professed dry, who has voted consistently in Congress for prohibition, including the Jones law increasing penalites for transportation and sale of liquor, had told a Customs employee that he had four bottles of liquor in his baggage on his arrival from Panama and sought free entry without examination, have been the subject of testimony by Customs employees before the United States Attorney of New York.

Representative Michaelson, another dry member of Congress, for whom there had been search by the authorities, surrendered and passed a bond for

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his appearance next month at Key West to answer charges of having smuggled liquor into the United States while en route to Washington from Cuba.

The deputy sheriff who shot and killed a woman while he was raiding a house in search for home-made wine, was formally charged with manslaughter and held for the grand jury, and the man on whose affidavit the warrant was issued has been indicted upon a charge of perjury.

The private yacht of Stuyvesant Fish, a wealthy New Yorker of old family, was held up in New York harbor by Revenue officers, and, while those on board were covered with revolvers, was vainly searched for liquor, much to the indignation of the owner.

Voters of the State of Wisconsin, by an overwhelming majority, approved of two proposals adverse to bone-dry prohibition. One was in favor of repealing the State enforcement act. The other was in favor of removing from the State law the penalties for the manufacture of beer up to 2¾ per cent of alcoholic content.

Mrs. Charles A. Sabin, who until her recent resignation was a member of the Republican National Committee from New York, at a luncheon given in her honor by the Women's National Republican Club, announced that she wished to devote her "untrammeled efforts toward working for a change in the prohibition law." The reason for her desire for a change may be stated in one sentence of her address: "Telling citizens what they must or must not do in their strictly personal conduct, as long as public safety is not affected, is a function which the Government should not attempt." She declared that she believed that there were thousands who believed and felt as she did and who wished for a change in the law to bring about "true temperance."

The Government of Canada sent a communication to the United States Government concerning the sinking of the Canadian schooner and rum-runner, I'm Alone, and apparently intends to bring up for discussion the whole question of the rum-smuggling treaty of 1924.

Police Commissioner Whalen of New York City declared in a speech at a Rotary Club luncheon that, of all the reasons for the increase of crime, "there is no one reason that we can point to more definitely than prohibition."

Edward B. McLean, the well-known newspaper publisher of Washington, D. C., made an impression upon society in the National Capital by deciding, out of respect for President Hoover's wishes, not hereafter to serve cocktails. The Assistant Secretary of the Treasury in charge of prohibition, Mr. Lowman, reported that in fifteen months sixteen persons had been killed by prohibition agents and Coast Guardsmen, and that in the same period nine officials, seven being prohibition agents and the other two mounted Customs inspectors, had been killed in the course of making arrests for dry-law violation.

Underwood

TO LEAD WOMEN'S FIGHT ON DRY LAW

Mrs. Charles H. Sabin, who recently resigned as member of the Republican National Committee from New York to direct the nation-wide movement of women for repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment

It is as impossible to keep prohibition out of the news in this year of 1929 as it was to keep slavery out of the news just before the Civil War.

▸▸*Wets and Drys at War*

THESE PROHIBITION INCIDENTS have started editorial writers in the daily press into crimination and recrimination. As one newspaper puts it, there is a rift of opinion bigger than any since the days of slavery. The heaviest artillery in the mutual bombardment is of course on the side of the big newspapers of the big cities—and these are predominantly wet.

Most of the wet newspapers are horrified that a woman's life should be taken for a gallon of home-made wine. The drys find little to excuse; but are not willing to have a State deputy sheriff's action laid at the door of Federal enforcement.

The wet press hails the Wisconsin vote as a sign of the hostility against prohibition and of the gradual breakdown of the dry cause by the revolt of States one by one. In this respect they see the wet forces taking a leaf out of the book of the Anti-Saloon League. The dry press discounts this vote as the anticipated action of a wet State; and even some of the wet newspapers admit that this was only an example of the Dutch taking Holland.

But what fills both wet and dry press with the greatest acrimony is the exchange of charges and counter-charges of hypocrisy.

Though the two dry Congressmen charged with bringing liquor into the country have not yet had their day in court, the wet press takes the occasion of these charges against them to renew their accusation that the drys are insincere. Editorial after editorial is devoted to the moral issue involved in the practice of "voting dry" and "drinking wet." Stung by these repeated reflections on the honesty of the prohibitionists, the dry press has begun to reply in kind. The burden of its denunciation is that the wets obstruct enforcement and then charge prohibition with encouraging lawlessness because of failure of enforcement and that the wets thus show themselves to be hypocrites.

At no time has the argument over prohibition descended to a lower level of mutual accusation of bad faith and false pretense. The energy expended in the dispute seems to be as incapable as ever of producing heatless light.

▸▸*While the Public Yawns*

WITHIN THE LIFETIME of men today in their prime, revolutionary scientific developments have added immensely to man's power and the scope of his senses. Mark Sullivan, author of "Our Times," dwelt on the theme lovingly in a recent address. He pointed particularly to automotive power and motion-picture mechanisms.

Doubtless some of his listeners yawned. It is characteristic of moderns to hold up their baskets for new boons and new marvels, gaze rapturously at them for a moment, and then look for more. The wonders of science and invention are making the public hard to impress.

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Witness the comparative indifference which greeted the non-stop 4,100-mile flight of Captains Jimenez and Iglesias, from Seville, Spain, to Bahia, Brazil. The Spaniards traveled less than 100 miles an hour—a sluggish pace for most of us who have never gone over sixty but who lately read that Major Segrave had streaked over Daytona Beach at 231 miles an hour. Then again, they flew only about a sixth of the way around the world. Ferrarin and Del Prette flew 500 miles further. Finally, they were in the air but forty-four hours, whereas the crew of the "Question Mark" remained aloft for nearly a week. So what was the Seville-Bahia hop, anyhow?

An increasingly air-conscious public, it seems, takes scant notice of aerial feats unless they smash records to smithereens. When Martin Jensen jacked up the solo flight record eight minutes, to 35 hours, 33 minutes and 20 seconds, he caused no more than a ripple of interest. The Graf Zeppelin recently polished off 5,208 miles in 81½ hours of continuous flying and few persons betrayed excitement. Probably this summer's ambitious Milan air expedition which is to tour through Europe, Asia and Africa will be regarded as all in the season's flying.

▸▸*Talkies Get a Hearing*

JUST NOW the public rummages eagerly in its boon basket, momentarily elated over the gift of science to which Mr. Sullivan refers. The talkies have the floor. William Fox has announced that he will discontinue the production of silent films; other large producers indicate that popular response to sound pictures will compel them to do likewise. The movies become articulate. There are rumors that they will become three-dimensional. Will they become better, as well?

It seems not unlikely that they will. It will require keener minds and more exacting directorship, as well as better acting talent, to produce talking movies. English will have to be spoken grammatically and with a reasonably cultured accent. No doubt the mechanics of sound-production will soon be perfected. Though it is somewhat early to agree with J. E. Otterson of the Western Electric Company, who idealistically hails sound films as an aid to international good-will, it is safe to say that they may well prove a valuable aid in brightening American leisure.

Sound films may not finally supersede the silent pictures but create a place of their own. They may bring the movies into the field of music and make of them a form of motion-picture opera. In fact they may do for the music drama what the silent film has done for the play. John McCormack has hailed the "talkie" as at last giving the singer a chance at the screen.

▸▸*Less Censorship, More Art*

FROM PRODUCERS comes also the cheery message that talkies can be made far more cheaply than silent pictures, a fact which should please discriminating talkie-fans, since it bears directly upon the question of censorship. Censorship, Will H. Hays repeats, is the bane of the movie, silent or otherwise. Mr. Hays refers to legal censorship of which, unfortunately, there may be not less but more as the cinema finds its voice. But the self-censorship of the silent movies has been fully as baneful.

A costly feature picture had to be shown all over the country to pay expenses. Hence producers raked their films with fine-toothed combs, eliminating anything which might offend the morals, manners, politics, race-prejudices or even idiosyncrasies of the smallest American village.

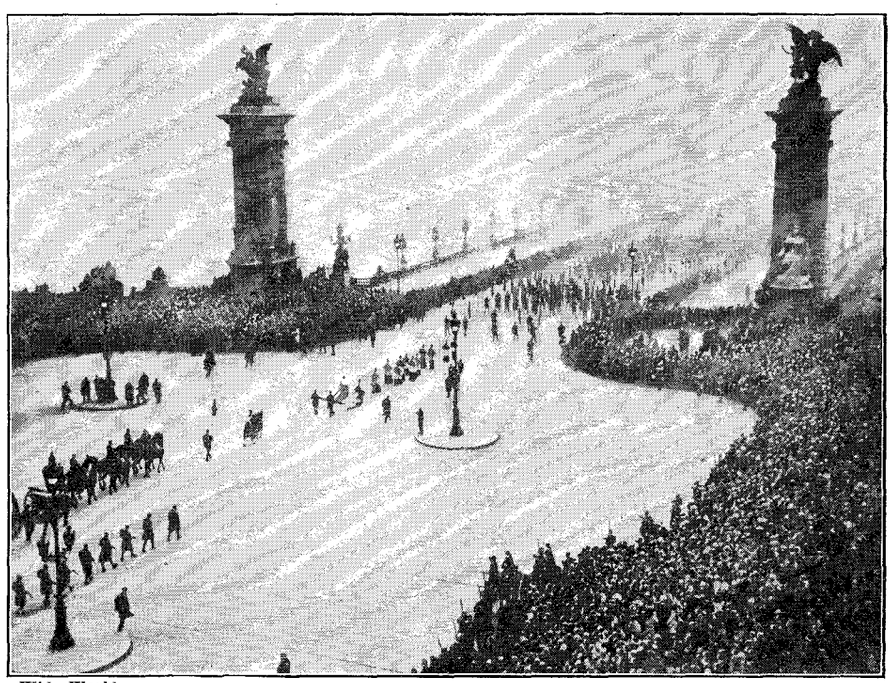
If talkies of the future, like plays, can be designed to meet the tastes of specific audiences, if they can be restricted in their appeal to smaller areas and still show a profit, we may well look for improvement.

▸▸*The Power of Impeachment*

HARDLY HAD star-guided Governor Johnston of Oklahoma been tried before the State Senate, and, in his own words, been found "incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial," when the lower house of the Louisiana legislature began to consider articles of impeachment against tough and tumultuous Governor Huey P. Long.

The proceedings against this young governor, self-trumpeted "people's friend," show grim features usually absent from Oklahoma ousting-bees. The resolution of impeachment, as introduced, is a tale told on a Chicago police-blotter. Long is charged with nineteen high and low crimes and misdemeanors ranging from plotting murder to destroying furniture, and including misuse of public funds, carrying concealed weapons, bribery and assorted lawlessness. But the resolution as adopted discreetly omits mention of all these. The legislators have concentrated their displeasure upon the one charge that Governor Long had attempted to curtail the freedom of the press by threats to an editor who opposed his tax program.

Political prejudice naturally is more of a factor in impeachment proceedings



Wide World

ALL FRANCE PAYS TRIBUTE

Part of the throng that viewed the funeral cortege of Marshal Foch as it passed over the Pont Alexandre Trois to the Invalides where the burial took place

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than in other forms of legal prosecution; but it has seldom succeeded in railroading an innocent official out of office; it has rather made it difficult to impeach and convict a guilty official protected by the party in power. As an instrument impeachment is at best clumsy, at worst, dangerous, and it has been seldom employed.

In all our history there have been eleven Federal impeachment cases. Francis A. Winslow, Judge of the United States District Court for the Southern District of New York, was recently threatened with impeachment proceedings. Whether the House of Representatives would have impeached him will never be known, because he offered and the President accepted his resignation from the bench. In a number of instances Federal officers have forestalled impeachment and resigned while resigning was good. Others have remained undetected. There is no doubt that the number of Federal officials who have been ripe for impeachment has been larger than the number impeached.

We laugh at Oklahoma for its half-dozen impeachment cases in as many years. Perhaps we should laugh at the Federal Government for its short dozen cases in all history. Until a satisfactory substitute is provided it does not follow that because the instrument of impeachment is hard to use, and because it can easily be abused, it should practically be shelved. If In-Again-Out-Again Oklahoma's love of impeachment proves to be mildly contagious, so much the better.

▸▸*Women as Teachers of Boys*

A THEORY that always excites controversy when it is stated has been revived and put forward with new animation by the National Union of Schoolmasters in England. As reported in the "New York Times," a resolution at its recent meeting at Leicester declared: "It is not in the best interests of education that women should practice in boys' schools."

According to one of the speakers, "it is notorious that women are weak in teaching subjects like mathematics and science from which human interest is absent." According to the same teacher, "men alone can attune their minds to the minds of boys."

Of the schoolmasters present, one certainly directed his shots toward the United States. In the course of his remarks, he said:

"Out of the six leading nations, the nation in which bribery and corruption are most rife is the nation which has women teachers. America is loaded with bribery to its very vitals—its parliamentary, municipal, commercial and financial life. It is more than a coincidence that in that country teaching is feminine."

This speaker apparently based his view that bribery and corruption were cultivated in the minds of youthful Americans on the theory or assumption that women teachers had to resort to bribery and corruption in order to manage boys.

What women teachers in America will think of this view of their methods there can be little doubt; but we wonder what men teachers in America think about it. There are, we understand, more plausible reasons than these for believing that boys, at a certain period of their lives, at least, need the supervision of men.

▸▸*Why He Did Not Choose*

IN HIS SECOND Cosmopolitan article, Mr. Coolidge satisfies an almost universal curiosity as to why he did not "choose to run in 1928." One gathers that there were two considerations: the first, a fear that neither his own nor Mrs. Coolidge's health would stand the strain of another four years; the second, far broader in its implications.

Mr. Coolidge doubts that any man could serve his country well for ten years. The President is surrounded by adulators who are continually impressing upon him his own greatness. Eventually he becomes accustomed to this praise to such an extent that, Mr. Coolidge believes, it may impair his judgment. Then, too, the President inevitably makes political enemies and their increase during his term of office makes accomplishment toward the close of it more difficult than in the early years. All this decreases his usefulness.

As far as the third term tradition is concerned, Mr. Coolidge thinks it a good one. He doubts, however, that in his own case another four years should have been construed as a third term. Nor, it appears, was he ever determined that he would go to the extent of refusing the nomination for another term had the Kansas City convention disregarded his wishes and nominated him. He had never made that decision at all. He sent his Secretary, Everett Saunders, to tell the party leaders at Kansas City not to vote for him. But he never ordered Mr. Saunders to say that he had flatly refused to run, if nominated. He did not want to run, and he hoped that he would not be nominated. Unless that eventuality occurred, he felt there was no need for deciding.

Keystone

ROYAL WEDDING PARTY

The official bridal group at the wedding of Crown Prince Olaf of Norway to Princess Martha, niece of the King of Sweden. The Duke of York acted as best man

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Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE KNOW of no more piquant and pregnant period around Washington than the first few months during which a new Cabinet is learning its job. It is then or not at all, to our mind, that a fairly accurate estimate of the ten men's worth can be obtained. For one thing, a Cabinet office carries such prestige in social and political circles here that soon we shall not see the men for the handshakes and headlines they will be receiving from people of high and no degree. For another, we catch them off their guard during these early and impressionable days. Of course, old hands like Postmaster-General Brown and Secretary of War Good are skilled at dissembling. But most of the others have not yet learned to hide their real selves behind their halos.

We detect quite a transformation, for instance, in our old favorite, Uncle Andrew Mellon. He was, we recall, a towering figure during the régimes of the mediocre Warren G. Harding and the dependent Calvin Coolidge. Mr. Mellon and his tax reductions kept both these Chief Executives in awe of him and his Midas-like wand. But it is different now, if we do not mistake. There is, and Mr. Mellon recognizes the fact, an intelligence and force in the White House far superior to his own, except for his knowledge of the trade of banking. So there is an unwonted air of humility about the seventy-four-year-old billionaire. He is running the Treasury, but little else, and some of his departmental activities are getting beyond his control—the Federal Reserve Board and the Prohibition Bureau, for instance. We may imagine it, but we suspect that Mr. Mellon enjoys finding his level. He seems less burdened with care, as he is, and more sprightly in his talk and walk. The Mellon of the Harding-Coolidge era was never known to "wise-crack." Yet we hear that Mr. Mellon's pert answer to a friend when asked when Wall Street would return to normalcy, was: "When gentlemen prefer bonds."

We venture that Attorney-General Mitchell and Secretary of Interior Wilbur will prove to be two of the outstanding members of the Hoover Cabinet. They shine by comparison with John Garibaldi Sargent in the Department of Justice, Hubert Work and Roy O. West in the Department of the Interior. We like their modesty, their unassuming demeanor, their easy approach to their job.

Mitchell's highest recommendation, we think, is that two Supreme Court Justices of opposite schools of thought—the reactionary William Howard Taft and the liberal Louis Brandeis—urged his appointment. Mitchell is the first Cabinet officer to come under fire on an important sector—in the Atlanta Prison incident and the oil industry's demand for government sanction of their curtailment program—and he has stood up well. He is, we submit, a refreshing figure in the parade of A. Mitchell Palmer, Harry Daugherty and Sargent.

Secretary Wilbur, too, is reserved and modest. He is not afraid to admit

Weed in the New York Evening World

Pass Congressman Pecksniff!

ignorance when he doesn't know, although he took office with a real command of the problems of his department. He and his friend, President Hoover, make a picturesque pair—Wilbur gangling and loose-jointed, Hoover compact and solid. Like Hoover, Wilbur's streak of shyness is tempered with brilliant conversational ability and a genius for companionship. We understand Wilbur is the President's Cabinet confidant, and that the two Californians pass many an evening in the White House study or afternoon in a Virginia stream with the state of the Nation as their chief topic of conversation. We may be wrong, but we think that the President leans heavily on the advice and instinct of his Stanford classmate and Palo Alto neighbor. Secretary Lamont, for all his ice-and-iron manner, interests us. His type is fairly new here. We understand that he is a first-rate engineer and physician to ailing industries, but lacking in the softer graces or executive ability that characterize the President. We are told Mr. Lamont thinks every moment not devoted to buzz and business an "insult to the angels." There is no problem connected with his department, we learn, which he will not discuss in all its aspects as if he had been Cabineteering all his lifetime.

In place of Frank B. Kellogg, who was often injudicious, irritable, nervous and sometimes boorish, we have the aloof, self-possessed Henry L. Stimson. The change, for the moment, impresses us as favorable, though we wonder how he will behave when things start to pop. But we like his show of strength; he cannot, if it does not please him, be cajoled or stirred or provoked. When the correspondents pressed him for a statement on the I'm Alone sinking at one of his first conferences, he protested pleasantly enough that their questions were preventing him from relating a funny anecdote. So their commendable curiosity went unsatisfied as he told them of how and why he had left his parrot, "The Old Soak," in the Philippines instead of bringing it to Washington. We understand "The Old Soak" is to be brought on and hung up in the State Department, and we predict the bird will be more talkative than its owner.

Secretary Charles Francis Adams—he likes his name—is New England personified, even more so than Calvin Coolidge, for Adams is of patrician and Presidential blood. He was not trying to be smart when, writing on official stationery so that the photographers would get a lifelike snap, he set down: "This is hell." To this Harvard treasurer with the sailorman's tang in his talk, publicity and demonstration of any kind is "hell." We predict he will boss and silence the swivel-chair admirals as they have not been squelched since Teddy Roosevelt was Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

Like Mellon, the effervescent Jimmie Davis has been Hooverized. We note that he stays in Washington and on the job instead of gallivanting around the countryside addressing his "fraternal brethren" and drumming up trade for the Loyal Order of Moose.

A. F. C.

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Editorial

Neutrality and National Policy

THERE IS nothing more surprising in American political life than the continued interest in the peace movement. While, of course, there is a vast amount of apathy, nevertheless, the foreign policy of the country is shaping itself in terms of the new era, that era to which the League of Nations has given the key-note. I do not refer to specific problems, those of Nicaragua or Mexico, nor to the protests against "imperialist tendencies," for that is always bound to awaken interest owing to the charges and counter-charges that can be made. But there is no sign of any loss of interest in what might be called the theoretic aspect of the peace problem. Most surprising of all is the response which has come to Senator Capper's proposal.

It will be recalled that shortly after the ratification of the multilateral Kellogg-Briand Pact, Senator Capper revived, in amended form, his joint Resolution of December, 1927, calling for an embargo against the shipment of American munitions to a nation which goes to war in violation of its multilateral peace pledge, and also proposing that the American Government should not protect the shipment of supplies other than munitions to the violating power. This embargo proposal runs counter to the century-long insistence of the United States upon the rights of neutrals in wartime, and therefore one might expect that it would meet with a most hostile reception. On the contrary, it has had almost a nation-wide endorsement by editorial writers. It seems to be growingly recognized on all sides that the Kellogg-Briand Treaty in denying the legitimacy of war as an instrument of national policy, denied at the same time to the non-belligerents their old-time indifference to the quarrel, that indifference which international law phrased in terms of neutrality.

Now if we stop to think how this would be applied, we find that it is a much more definite commitment than seems at first glance. If two men swear eternal friendship, or take the pledge of *Brüderschaft,* which has lingered on in the modern world from the primitive, and then one tells the other that, owing to some act on the other's part, he no longer regards him as a friend, they do not merely cease to be friends; there is an ominous note of unfriendliness in the declaration, the consequence of which may be serious if the objected actions are persisted in. The same thing is bound to happen in the carrying out of the Kellogg Pact. If that were not the case, the Pact would only be a unilateral declaration of intention on the part of each signatory, the intention to be peaceful and law abiding.

Senator Capper's Resolution deals with this situation by proposing to recognize definitely and clearly the obligation not to go to the help of a violator of the Treaty, nor to support it in its disruptive violence with the resources of the United States. The Resolution is unilateral, affecting only the United States. It is a statement of American policy. The other nations have already made their declaration of policy in the Covenant of the League, which goes much farther than the Capper resolution in its support of pacific policies throughout the world. Members of the League of Nations are morally obligated to join together to suppress the violator; the Capper Resolution calls upon the United States simply to refuse it our support in arms and supplies.

No police action is called for in the Capper Resolution, no armed involvement at all. Nevertheless, Senator Borah has already attacked this measure in the strongest terms. He claims that it would not be applied against a great power, but only against the little nations, and therefore would be an instrument of imperialism and international oppression. Senator Borah's argument will have a wide appeal; but it is an argument for the continuance of international anarchy and at bottom an argument for the continuance of war as an instrument of national policy. For if there is no hope of justice for small powers but to fight their way against the great, if there is no obligation upon the great to withhold their supplies from known and recognized aggressors, then there is no reality whatever in the Pact of Paris itself.

The Capper Resolution has also been attacked because it leaves the President to determine whether or not a future war is in violation of the Kellogg-Briand Pact. It is true that the Capper Resolution does call upon the President to exercise this power, but that is merely a statement of what the Administration would in any case be called upon to do by the existing Treaty. For that article in the preamble which says that we should deny the privileges of the Treaty to the violator already calls upon the American Government to reach a conclusion in case of conflict as to which side is a violator. The Capper Resolution, therefore, does not place a new prerogative in the hands of the President. It merely calls upon the President to fulfill in definite terms the moral obligation which is already stated in this preamble clause.

The Capper Resolution has had a good start but it has many hurdles yet to pass. Against it lies the weight of a traditional outlook, and the peace forces are divided as to its support. The issue is therefore likely to be much confused, and those who believe that the United States should not permit itself to become the accomplice of an aggressor will be answered by those who feel that neutrality means peace. Stated this way, we see that instead of merely being a movement to implement the Kellogg-Briand Pact, the Capper Resolution constitutes a new step in advance, for, as the Kellogg-Briand Treaty renounces war as an instrument of national policy, the Capper Resolution proposes to renounce neutrality as the instrument of national policy when that neutrality becomes itself immoral because of its indifference as to the immorality of war.

The fact is patent that, if war is no longer the free prerogative of nations and their legitimate activity, then neutrality also changes its moral categories. We have duties to perform in the community of nations as well as in the community of individuals when crime is running rampant. How long it will take the United States clearly to see its duty and to assume the obligations under it, no one can tell. This duty is set forth in its smallest terms in the Capper Resolution: not to help the criminal.

JAMES T. SHOTWELL.

The distinguished contributors to this weekly editorial page constitute not only our list of witnesses to the progress of existence, but its interpreters as well. Dr. Shotwell is Professor of History at Columbia University. Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, of Smithsonian Institution, will be the next contributor

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Individualism at Harvard

By R. A. STOUT

The ideal of the House Plan adopted at Harvard seems to us essentially a democratic ideal: To promote a social and cultural relationship among students of divergent types, tastes and antecedents. Much discussion, nevertheless, has been provoked by it at Cambridge. The editors believe that the minority point of view expressed here is worth airing, since it represents an attitude toward tendencies in our civilization not confined to undergraduate circles. Mr. Stout is president of the Harvard "Crimson"

COSMOPOLITAN Harvard has suddenly been confronted with a Utopian project called the House Plan, and as usual the irreconcilable elements of the student body have split asunder. There are three divisions of undergraduate reaction to the forthcoming educational experiment. The Indifferents or Know-Nothings, always the Harvard student majority, have refused to take any interest in the matter or express themselves one way or the other. The Enthusiasts form a party whose banners flaunt the words "Progress" and "Reform" and who believe in the divine omniscience of the University authorities. Finally, the Belligerents, their pronunciamentos broadcast by the Harvard "Crimson," the Harvard "Lampoon," and the Harvard "Advocate," have cried "Havoc," and let slip the dogs of war.

The "Advocate," the literary monthly, might be called the organ of the patricians, the curled darlings of a Gold Coast genealogy and the club pleasure domes. It cannot visualize a leveling of the existent social rigidities. The "Lampoon," notorious comic "bad boy" of the trio, in its famous "Protest of the Masses Number," put the student body in something like a Russian proletariat category and set about championing it against what it considers the factory-like efficiency and mass production of modern educational machinery. Finally, the "Crimson," the trail blazer in the publication opposition, has tried to represent the undergraduate independents and intelligentsia, claiming that the robust neglect of the student by the College now is more compatible with the intellectual ideals of the "thinking" student than any effete benevolent despotism such as it is afraid the House Plan will inaugurate.

Before outlining the opposition to the House Plan, however, it is essential that the proposal which prompted Mr. Edward S. Harkness to offer to President Lowell the funds necessary to effect this transformation be explained. Because all this is so clearly stated in the original Student Council report, I am including here the two paragraphs which introduced the scheme of subdivision into Houses:

> . . . In order to maintain the proper balance, which is one of the objects of education, the centripetal force which draws like and like together in a club, should be counterpoised by a centrifugal force which should insure that unlikes also meet and know each other. Certainly one of the most stimulating experiences which the college should promote is the opportunity to make the acquaintance of men who are not duplicates of ourselves.
>
> If Harvard were a small college, this problem would solve itself. The college would be an effective unit. But Harvard is so large it is not a unit at all. It is obvious that this constitutes one of the very real problems of Harvard education, and the committee, after considering the matter thoroughly, is convinced that the ultimate solution is to divide the upper-classmen transversely into permanent groups for purposes of residence; or, in other words, to subdivide Harvard College into colleges.

As far as the Belligerents are concerned, the fundamental issue behind the controversy, is whether or not the robot is the contemporary ideal of the American undergraduate. Is the college supposed to be a glorified social democracy where one mental automaton executes the chain step with his "glad-handing" brethren, or a mature community in which men make their own friends, pursue their own paths, and formulate their own philosophies? In other words, these undergraduates, a small minority, want to know whether educational standards will be lowered to embrace the low level uniformity of the average student mentality or be left flexible enough to satisfy the aspirations of a few men who have not succumbed to the provincialism of American collegiate life. In their opinion, Harvard is on the verge of compromising herself when she descends to paternalism and the great American vice of cultivating uniformity.

On the morning that the announcement of the House Plan was published in the columns of the Harvard "Crimson" a student whom I had never seen before—a transfer from a Middle Western State university—came into my office and asked if I had a few moments to spare.

"You know," he said, "I have just read about the new 'House' idea. It struck me as great and I felt that I must talk it over with some one. I think it is the very thing for Harvard. This is my first year here, but I've had time to make a few unpleasant discoveries. There is no way of making friends here, no congeniality, no spirit. Everybody acts older, as if he were settled for life. I have been rooming in Blank Hall for two months now and do not even know the man across the corridor. What's more, I never shall. He doesn't want to know me. The Harvard student body is split up into all kinds of groups and cliques and the men are either snobs or afraid to come out of their shells.

"The reason seems pretty obvious to me. The college deliberately suppresses normal youthful enthusiasm by providing no common meeting ground, not even any place to eat. The residential houses ought to give a man at least the chance of meeting other men, with the result that he makes friends with those fellows he finds most congenial and gets a taste of college life."

A few days later I had an opportunity of sounding out another transfer student, also from a Western State university, on what the "Crimson" had announced as a "radical experiment in undergraduate life."

"I hate to think of what the House Plan is going to do to Harvard," he stated. "I came here disgusted with the stereotyped juvenile product typical of the State university and all small colleges where one man duplicates another, and found a diversity of types not even interested in what the other wore, said or did. It seems to me that the aim of the House Plan is to iron out the incon-

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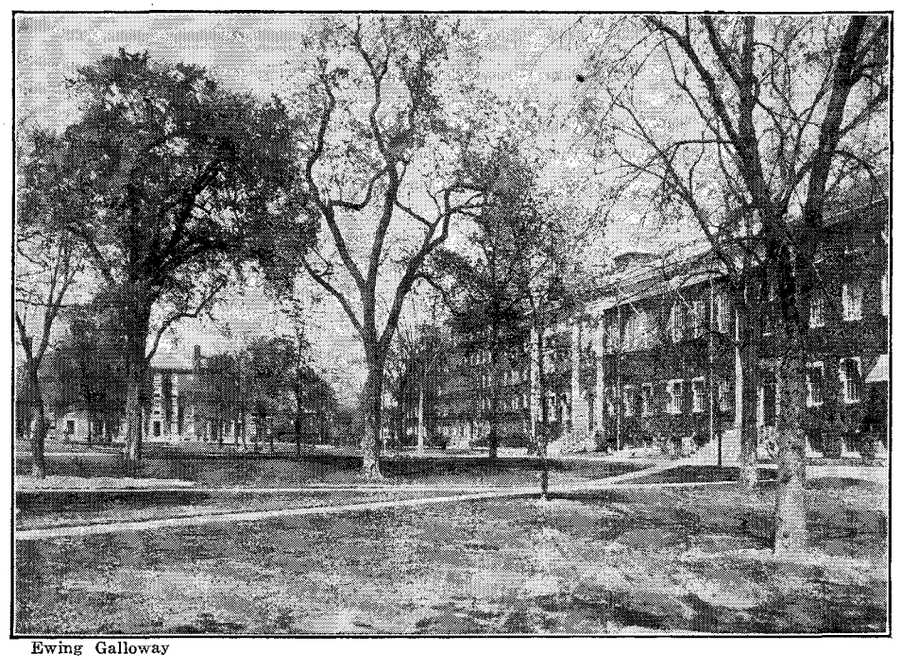

Ewing Galloway

A VIEW OF THE FAMOUS YARD AT HARVARD

It is not "thickly crowded with good fellows," says Mr. Stout

sistencies of a splendidly heterogeneous undergraduate body by bringing all the different types of students together on an artificial basis. Instead of promoting the intellectual development of the masses, this coagulation of every type will simply stifle individuality and make Harvard similar to most of the other hotbeds of collegiatism and petty social activities. The House Plan seems to offer a few doubtful social advantages in return for a great deal of freedom and individuality."

These two opinions, expressed by men who could take a less prejudiced point of view than the student who had entered Harvard direct from private or public school, should be digested with more than a single grain of salt. The former is too pessimistic from the social point of view, the latter too optimistic from the intellectual. Young social pariahs and intellectual gods are very scarce at Harvard, although they do exist, a fact which points to the true state of affairs: The fundamental thing to keep in mind is that the Harvard undergraduate body is a cross-section of the American undergraduate body supplemented by extremes which have no analogy in any other institution in the United States.

The three publications—the daily newspaper, the bimonthly humorous magazine and the monthly literary magazine—do not try to conform to the opinions of the "amorphous mass" of undergraduates who read them. It must be reiterated that the great majority of undergraduates do not manifest any interest or knowledge of the House Plan. It is entirely possible that less than one-fourth of the student body have followed the official news or editorials which the "Crimson" has printed on the subject. It is significant that not one communication has been received by the "Crimson" in regard to the matter one way or the other, although the question as to whether the Junior Dance should be held in one building or another precipitated so many letters as to make it impossible for the editorial department to run them all.

Whether it is due to lack of knowledge, interest or opinion, it is plain that the heterogeneous undergraduate mind at Harvard is more sensitive to the thousand activities of college life without being particularly concerned over any schemes affecting its condition for better or worse. On the other hand, the three publications at Harvard have always been outspoken. Traditional enemies, they have usually neutralized each other's vehemence by taking opposite stands. For the first time within memory, the House Plan has produced a triumvirate and solid editorial front in obstinate but vain opposition to the plans of the University officials. Behind it all is a very definite conception of what a certain percentage of undergraduates hold as their ideal of American college life.

The undergraduates who approve the House Plan can be dismissed with a few words. Practically all of them support it because it promises them social advantages and material comforts which they now miss. They are interested in the proposed dining halls, common rooms, comfortable living quarters, proximity to many men. Little is said about the educational advantages which the House Plan offers, for example, proximity to one's tutor, the advantages of coming in contact with different men for the intellectual stimulus such contact affords and proximity to the House library. Modern university life is dominated by material and superficial considerations. The undergraduates who attempt to defend the House Plan invariably fall back upon those arguments which show less consideration for their intellectual salvation than for their social glorification. If the House Plan benefits them in the other respect, it will not be because they were primarily concerned with that type of benefit.

Whether the editors of the "Crimson," "Lampoon" and "Advocate" are right or wrong in opposing the House Plan, it cannot be said that they have shown a lack of understanding of the subject or come to conclusions which reveal superficialty or one-sided thought. They would be the first to sympathize with the man who finds Harvard frigid and unsympathetic. They would immediately show him the numerous opportunities which the University offers every conceivable talent or capability and advise him to develop himself according to his inclination and ability. They would not admit that Harvard lacks social opportunities for every individual.

It is true that "class" distinctions are perceptible at Harvard and that the Yard is not thickly crowded with "good fellows;" but it is inevitable in a place the size of Harvard which harbors men of every social and financial status in the world. Most of the reports of Harvard snobbishness are exaggerated anyway and result from odious comparisons with smaller organizations where the social side of college life is promoted by undergraduates of a uniform pattern.

The situation as it exists today has been epitomized in a "Crimson" editorial. After an introductory Freshman year, men "are still entirely free to drift wherever their natural inclinations may lead them. Their choice of study is unlimited, their choice of residence, friends and associates is similarly unprescribed. No force is operative to

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make of them anything they do not choose to make of themselves. The eccentric can be just as queer, the specialist just as specialized as he pleases. Nothing forces them into contact with any one or anything outside of their own range of choice. A man can bury himself completely in any one interest or in no interest at all, or he can spread his energies over the entire range of University life. In his studies as in his social life he is left largely to his own devices. It is up to him to evolve independently a sound apportionment of time, an effective method of scholastic attack and a compelling intellectual curiosity."

The principle of self-determination dominates the opposition to the House Plan. Present conditions bring about a "survival of the fittest" situation, it is true, which authorities can rightly view with alarm. The regrettable thing is that another concession is being made to the increasing decadence and pusillanimity of the undergraduate when he must be gathered under the official wing and protected from his own weakness. Education is at the mercy of numerous "carnivores" ranging from athletics to débutante balls. The majority of the men who accept college as a glorified social venture, necessitate the closer supervision which can only hinder the men trying to take advantage of the opportunities under the present Harvard system.

It is the latter to whom the "Crimson" refers in the sentence: "Harvard men who prize individualism, completely self-wrought, above universality in social opportunity will feel that their present privilege is not lightly to be sacrificed." They favor the Harvard which throws "open her gates to all men of ability whatever their peculiarities, allowing each man to choose his associates and contacts as well as his interests, finally trusting that it is better for men to shape their own intellectual destiny and their own breadth of social direction rather than to have that destiny and breadth bestowed upon them."

Using the magazine, "The New Masses," as a model, the "Lampoon" says that what it asks for is "a Harvard College, not a Harvard incorporation for the advancement of business efficiency in the United States." It is the opinion of its editors that the House Plan will make Harvard "ringmaster among the educational clearing-houses of America," and install a caste system similar to that of India in the case of men who live in and out of the Houses.

The Harvard "Advocate" is no less antagonistic and sceptical. Fundamentally the "Advocate" fears that the substitution of "a paternalistic and monastical scheme of education" for the present Harvard type of education will result in a negation of the "maturity" with which Harvard men are associated. The "Crimson" and "Lampy" would agree. "There can and ought to be no more fellow-feeling between Harvard men *per se* than between the citizens of a community; it is the discrimination of personalities which makes fellowship valid, and this determination, like all other decisions in life, must be conscious, purposeful, effortless and individual."

The undergraduate at Harvard is probably better satisfied than the undergraduate in most colleges. The fact that he is more mature and naturally different from the "collegiate" college man results in the great amount of speculation concerning him. He is perfectly satisfied with Harvard as it is, and has no desire for a more settled environment. His attitude toward the House Plan is well-summed up by "The Man with the Briar," the "Advocate's" perennial philosopher: "Theorists can argue one way or another," he said, "let them do it; they enjoy themselves. The Plan will probably succeed, in the sense that the Reading Period has succeeded. Most likely it will not make any appreciable change in the tone of Harvard life. There will be good rooms and, I hope, good food, for those who can pay for them. But the glad hand of fellowship will be, as always, totally missing. And anyway it goes," he concluded, "in the immortal words of John, the yard cop, 'at least we'll have the dormitories.'"

Harvard men, in other words, feel that they are mature enough to guide their own destinies. Simply because life at Harvard is less artificial than at most colleges, simply because there is less atmosphere and more the natural basis of existence which one finds after he has left college, the thinking Harvard undergraduate feels disinclined to sacrifice himself in order that the "queer," the "wet," the backward "genius" can gaze upon a social group of which he can never be an intrinsic part. Harvard can be said to have no college social life in the sense that the movies, the modern novels, and "College Humor" depict it. The men who oppose the House Plan do not want this sort of thing; their advice to the man who longs for the pseudo-conviviality which is found in the small college and

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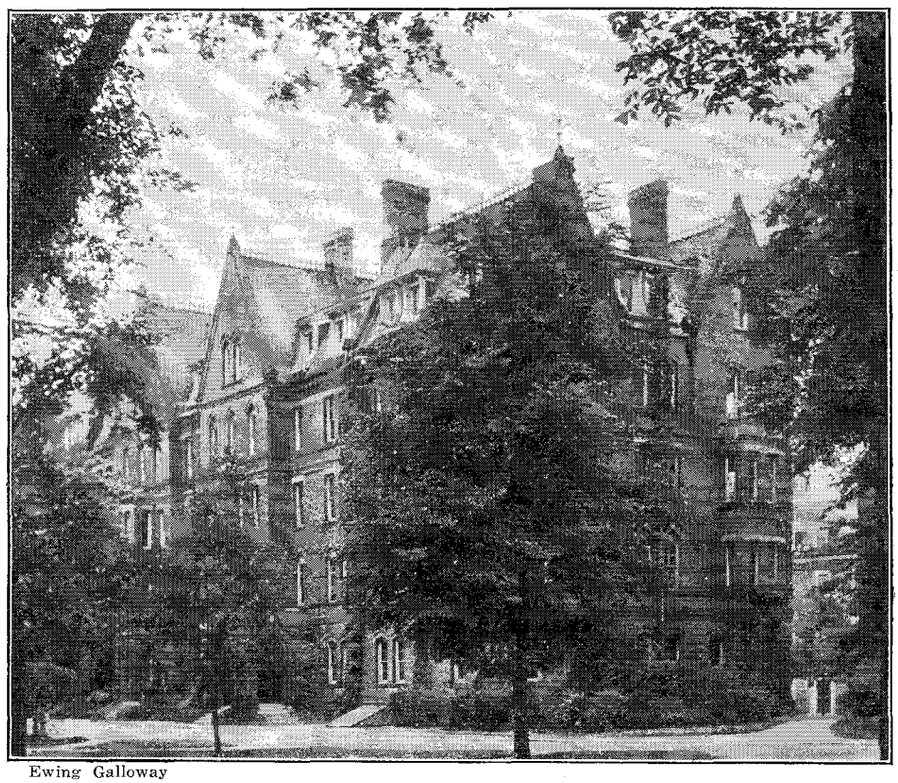

Ewing Galloway

ONE OF THE DORMITORIES IN HARVARD YARD

Under the House Plan, freshmen only will live in the yard

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Another Two-Billion-Dollar Bank

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

The basic facts and events which underlie the trend of business are presented in this weekly financial page. Mr. Gammack is one of the well-known younger men in Wall Street

JOCKEYED temporarily out of its position as the largest bank in the United States, the National City Bank of New York again has taken the lead, giving this country its second two-billion-dollar banking institution, closely following the first.

The affiliation of the National City with the Farmers Loan & Trust Company, following so closely on the merger of the Guaranty Trust Company and the National Bank of Commerce, has all the appearance of an answer to a challenge. True, Charles E. Mitchell, chairman of the newest giant organization, denied that the merger was in any way dictated by consideration of size, but there must be a great measure of satisfaction in the prestige that goes with leadership not only in the scope of activities but in the cold figures by which the public measures size.

The Guaranty-Commerce combined resources at the end of 1928 were $1,986,500,000 and capital funds $176,-670,000. Deposits amounted to $1,488,-470,000. The National City-Farmers Loan & Trust clears the two-billion mark clearly with resources of $2,098,-600,000, capital surplus and undivided profits of $245,700,000, and deposits of $1,540,300,000.

Before the merger the National City already was the largest bank in the world in point of capital. It takes rank now as the third in point of total resources, being exceeded only by the Midland and Lloyd's of London. The leadership of the so-called Big Five of London, which include the two above and Barclay's, the Westminster and the National Provincial, was unchallenged before the present year. Now the National City and the Guaranty-Commerce have broken into their ranks, the Guaranty being fourth in total resources.

This growth is the natural response to the increasing needs of American industry for greater banking institutions. The banks are following the lead of industrial corporations in the trend towards merger, although the tendency among the banks is towards vertical rather than horizontal combinations. Expansion of services rather than duplication of facilities is the goal. Commercial banks affiliate with trust companies. And commercial bank and trust companies affiliate with investment organizations, as in the recent merger of Blair & Co., Inc., an old, established international underwriting house, with the Bank of America N. A.

Under the latest National City Bank expansion plan, the Farmers Loan will be freed as far as possible from its commercial banking activities, which will be turned over to the National City. The latter, in turn, will divert its growing trust business to the Farmers Loan organization, which will become the City-Bank Farmers Trust Company, a subsidiary of the National City Bank in much the same relation as the National City Company. The City Company, security distribution and investment organization, will continue as at present.

THE MAGNITUDE of the new bank is apparent aside from its supremacy in capital and its great resources. The bank itself has eighty-nine branches in twenty-three foreign countries, and correspondents in every important city of the world. The City Company, with more than fifty offices in the principal cities of the United States and Canada, maintains the world's largest investment distributing organization. It controls 11,000 miles of private telegraph lines throughout the United States and Canada. Shareholders of the bank, whose stock will now be endorsed to show an equity in that of the Farmers Loan and Trust as well as in the City Company, number more than 35,000, scattered through every state and two score foreign countries.

Although in many recent mergers where a national bank has been joined with a trust company the national bank's charter has been discarded, that is not the case in the present instance. There has been considerable alarm among the friends of the Federal Reserve System at the disappearance of the national banks, whose membership in the system is obligatory. A weakening of the power of the Federal Reserve is seen as the inevitable result in the survival of trust companies which may withdraw from the system at their own sweet will. There is a hint of this possibility in one item of news developing in connection with the National City Bank acquisition of Farmers Loan & Trust.

It lies in the offer of $100,000 for the name of the City Trust Company, a bank which failed recently through the alleged speculations of its executives. The offer of the National City, which would be such an unexpected boon for the depositors of the City Trust, has its immediate basis in the desire to avoid confusion of identity with the City Bank-Farmers Trust in the event that the moribund City Trust is revived. Its ultimate object probably is in the contemplated survival of the Farmers Loan trust company charter with a change of name. The nuisance and possible investment value of the City Trust name is considered well worth the price tendered.

The frequency with which bank mergers are developing is no recent thing. The movement has been going on all over the country for several years, moderate sized organizations acquiring others like rolling snowballs which have reached noteworthy size in the last two years. Unquestionably there have been a few consolidations that failed to bring the promoters the results hoped for in the economies of operation and the larger profits that usually accompany large scale operations. On the whole, however, the mergers have been truly economic, and in line with the requirements of a great creditor nation.

BRANCH BANKING has jumped rapidly. There are over 3,200 branches in the United States and New York City branch banks have increased from 404 to 488 in two years. The absence of chain banking has been notably in contrast with the movement in Canada, where there are only eleven banks, which have more than 4,000 branches, or in England, where the Big Five control more than three-quarters of the nation's banking business. The obstacles in crossing state borders have had a restraining effect, probably fortunately, for once a great institution began to spread over the country there would be a hue and cry against a "money trust."

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre—The Movies

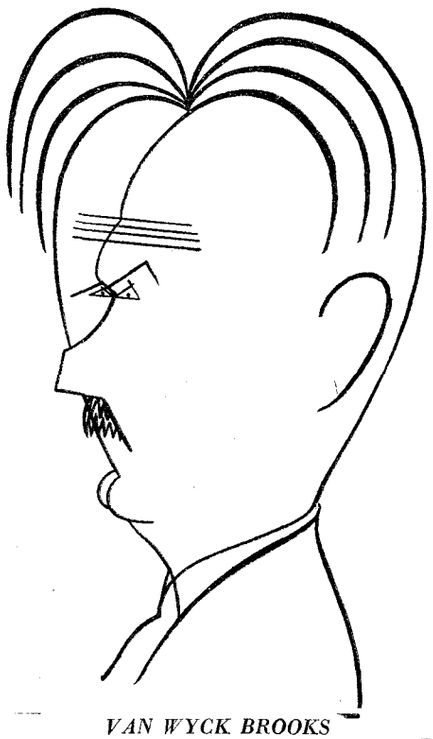
The Ghosts Walk

Thirteen Days. By JEANNETTE MARKS: A. & C. Boni. Published April 15. Reviewed by EDGAR LEE MASTERS.

DEALING WITH THE Sacco-Vanzetti case during the last days of that tragic episode of American cruelty, cowardice and dishonesty, Miss Marks has written a dramatic recitative of vivid power, touched with the quality of poetry, and alive with idealistic indignation. The book speaks well for her, not only as a competent writer, but as a woman of a free and enlightened mind, whose courage was equal to her work of seven years in behalf of these unfortunate men, and whose Americanism is clearly shown to be based upon such foundations as Jefferson and Emerson. Those who have now reached sufficient years to have lived a meaning into the warnings of democratic voices of forty years ago, now see to their regret what orators and publicists meant when they said in the post-Civil War days of privilege and corruption that these things would imperialize the public. It has come to pass; and with that imperialization have gone the organic laws, the Federal Constitution included, at the hands of those who are sworn to support them, and who presume to lecture the country on law observance and to punish violators of their special selection.

When, beginning with the Morrill tariff of 1861, the prediction was made that the protective principle would destroy American institutions, the exact course of that disaster was not seen by all. Its path, however, was sure and logical. On the one hand it stole the wealth of the country from the workers; and on the other it imported into America the lesser breeds of Europe who could be worked and dominated, even while such men as Carnegie and Gary were saying that the tariff helped them to pay wages suitable to American conditions—to protect American labor against the pauper production of pauper Europe.

There are two conspicuous things recorded in Miss Marks's book; one is the panic of fear of a Red uprising in Boston and over capitalistic America, plainly the fee-fow-fum of cowards and malefactors; and the other is the pathetic confession of Sacco and Vanzetti that they came to America because of men like Emerson, who they believed represented the American spirit, only to find that they could be jailed and electrocuted for their preachments of a juster order. The bright and even the encouraging side of the whole matter, however, lies in the fact that more than five hundred of America's best minds



VAN WYCK BROOKS
One of Eva Herrmann's caricatures from "On Parade," edited by Erich Posselt (Coward-McCann)

protested against the fate which overtook these poor Italians. Defense committees on the one side and judges and prosecutors on the other may lock horns as they will on the matter of the guilt of Sacco and Vanzetti; no one can stand his ground while saying that they had a fair chance for their lives. They did not have it. It might be observed that Judge Sewall who hanged the witches got up at last in the Old South Church in Boston and publicly acknowledged his shame and repentance. Now that the fear of the Red is in suspense Judge Thayer has a calm season in which to follow the example of his despicable father in the law.

The Week's Reading

Bryan. By M. R. WERNER: Harcourt, Brace. Published April 12.

WERNER SEEMS to us a good example of the opportunist biographer. That simply means that, lacking the interest in biography as an art which would give literary value to his work, he still has the sense of timeliness of subject and the good journalistic style which make his books lively reading. He has shown his interest in eccentrics, and it is as such that he inclines to treat Bryan. Such an attitude is popular but scarcely profound. As a history of Bryan's political career, Werner's book is thorough, interesting, well selected for significant detail, and useful. Especially is it illuminating on the Free Silver controversy. That fight which made such varied and violent partisans has not been more clearly presented.

Of Bryan's character, however, Werner has nothing new or penetrating to say. He is just another cartoonist. Bryan was a bigot, he was crude (rather than vulgar), he was a self-advertiser. Negligible, even ridiculous in a lesser man, his crudity was painful, his self-advertising disgusting, and his bigotry, dangerous. We are all pretty familiar with bigots and crude self-advertisers, and it is natural that Werner should make the most of those qualities; and that he should also credit Bryan with vision considerably in excess of his intellectual capacity, with frequently seeing light hidden from other eyes—and as frequently hiding it himself under the bushel of oratory.

But Werner does not dwell upon Bryan's most interesting aspect, as the typical product of his time and country, as the prototype of the commoner-idealist. His attitude toward Bryan is pretty consistently contemptuous, and that is not the attitude of a great biographer. Werner had more suitable subjects in Barnum and Brigham Young. And Bryan had a better biographer in J. C. Long; although no one is as yet far enough away from the heat and dust of the warfare that raged about that powerful personality to handle the peerless leader as the peerless biographical subject that he is.

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The Hohenzollerns. By HERBERT EULENBERG. Translated by M. M. BOZMAN: Century. Published April 12.

IF THE AUTHOR of this book had been commissioned by the German republic to prepare propaganda for Germany's late enemies, he could not have done a better job than he has in this brief narrative history of the Hohenzollerns. But he writes actually for Germans seeking, as he says in his foreword, to increase their "volk-stolz." And he has chosen to do it by showing them just what their Hohenzollern rulers were. He paints interesting but unflattering portraits of the rulers in that family from the first Swabian lordling, who, through the good offices of the Emperor, in the fifteenth century became elector and margrave of Brandenburg, to the ex-crown prince of Germany. Eulenberg runs these portraits into a narrative history of the Hohenzollerns concerned less with the events of their reigns, even when these were most significant, than with their characters as individuals. With the minor figures, he appears to be entirely successful; but with Frederick the Great he certainly is not. He attempts rather needlessly to gather up the outstanding characteristics of his forbears into William the Second, in order to show the ex-Kaiser as the complete son of his fathers. His portrait is a little sketchy. However, it is vicious enough to please the most vociferous kill-the-Kaiser man. Eulenberg shows the Hohenzollerns, not surprisingly, as believers in Divine Right, lusting for power and for the aggrandizement of their family, and scornful of the people they ruled.

"The Hohenzollerns" is a thoroughly readable book and holds the interest throughout. As it is a translation one does not know where to put the blame for a certain awkwardness in the manner of writing.

The Romance and Rise of the American Tropics. By SAMUEL CROWTHER: Doubleday, Doran. Pub. April 12. THERE IS "romance" in the American tropics, but you will get little of it from this tritely written book. "Rise" is a different matter. A strong-going industrial imperialist writes here of the "reconquest and rebuilding" of the ancient Spanish empire by American capital. The background of Spanish conquest and settlement is competently given, although there are some evidences of prejudice, probably due to lack of complete knowledge. The middle period in the Caribbean countries is well described, largely by means of quotations from a book written in the forties by J. L. Stephens who was an unofficial ambassador of Martin Van Buren, but when he comes down to modern times Mr. Crowther launches into a pæan of praise of American enterprise, progress, disinterestedness and so forth which leaves us cold. Interest in the American tropics is increasing and rightly, and this book will please those who read only for information and who are not averse to propaganda.

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDEVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* KENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta.* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

Dodsworth, by Sinclair Lewis: Harcourt, Brace. This sad and bitter story of American marriage is Lewis's best book, and must not be missed. Reviewed March 20.

Dark Hester, by Anne Douglas Sedgwick: Houghton, Mifflin. This conflict between a possessive mother and a modern daughter-in-law is described with subtle penetration in lovely prose. Reviewed March 27.

This Strange Adventure by Mary Roberts Rinehart: Doubleday, Doran. A serious and sympathetic study of American woman and her problems against the shifting background of the last half-century.

The Bishop Murder Case, by S. S. Van Dine: Scribner. Philo, mathematics, chess, nursery rhymes and lots of murders in this. Reviewed February 27.

Mamba's Daughters, by Du Bose Heyward: Doubleday, Doran. A richly melodramatic story of Charleston negroes and their white-folks. Reviewed February 6.

Non-Fiction

The Cradle of the Deep, by Joan Lowell: Simon and Schuster. The salty and "fishy" adventures of a girl brought up at sea. Reviewed March 13.

The Art of Thinking, by Abbé Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes graciously and wisely of a lost art.

Elizabeth and Essex, by Lytton Strachey: Harcourt, Brace. A magnificent historical essay written in precise and living prose. Reviewed Dec. 26.

Lion, by Martin Johnson: Putnam. Another of the Johnsons' African hunting books, interesting and finely illustrated. Reviewed March 27.

You Can't Print That, by George Seldes: Payson & Clarke. News censorship abroad as experienced by a journalist who tells his story ably. Reviewed February 6.

Henry the Eighth, by Francis Hackett, published by Horace Liveright, was wrongly credited to Macmillian in our April 10 issue.

Gestalt Psychology. By Dr. WOLFGANG KOHLER: Horace Liveright. Published April 12. $4.

THIS IS THE first volume to appear in a new field of psychological research. It establishes a theory of psychological relativity and is considered a revolutionary contribution to modern science. Dr. Köhler is an eminent German psychologist and philosopher. His book will receive the immediate and intense attention of all who are seriously interested in the new psychology. Although highly technical, it is written with an effort, usually successful, to keep the expression intelligible to the general reader.

The Process of Human Behavior. By MANDEL and IRENE SHERMAN: Norton. Published April 12. $3.

HERE TWO scientists tell the story of the process of human behavior from one-celled animals to humans. It is not popularized science but rather the effort of a scientist to share his learning and experience with the reader who wants to obtain his facts at first hand.

Unholy Virgins. By EDNA WALKER MALCOSKEY: Century. Published April 12. Reviewed by MILTON BYRON.

MONTE CARLO is the locale, the love of a middle-aged man for a flapper is the story, and virginity the theme of this book. It is a story that might be good but isn't. There is a decided artificiality about it; the characters are unreal, the situations not sufficiently dramatic, the dialogue forced, and the action laggard. There is much amateurish philosophizing about the post-war generation, the carryings-on of the younger married set, and virginity, but it doesn't seem to get the story any place or prove anything. We can only give it one word of praise conscientiously: we thought everything would come out all right in the end, and it didn't.

Sarah Orne Jewett. By FRANCIS OTTO MATTHIESSEN: Houghton, Mifflin. Published April 10.

THIS SHORT and interesting biography is direct and appreciative. Its author has learned to know Miss Jewett's country as well as her work and he confines himself to giving an objective picture of her life and setting, depending largely upon quotation from her letters and from the critical comment of her time. All the aspects of her life which he emphasizes are to be found "embedded somewhere in her writings," and frequently, in following a narrative form of biography, he has paraphrased

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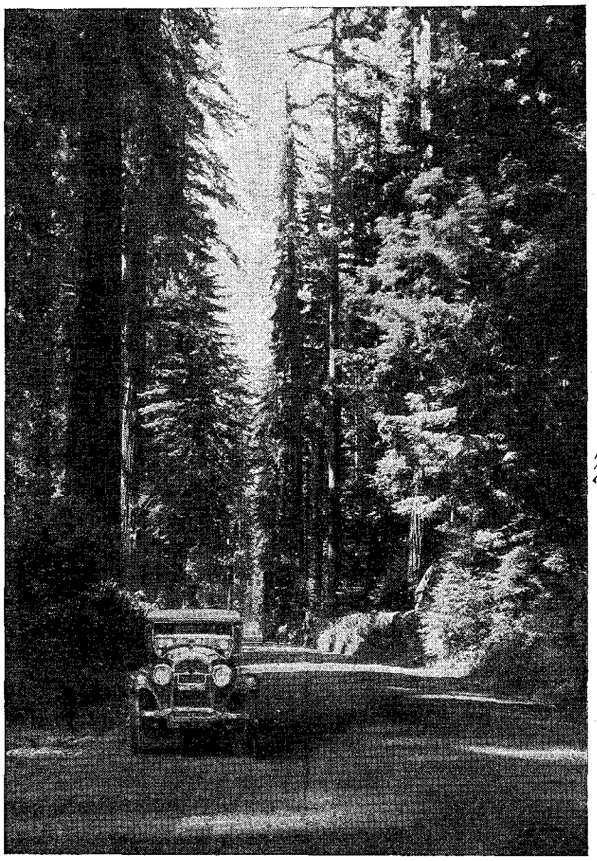
Alameda County—the Center of Scenic California



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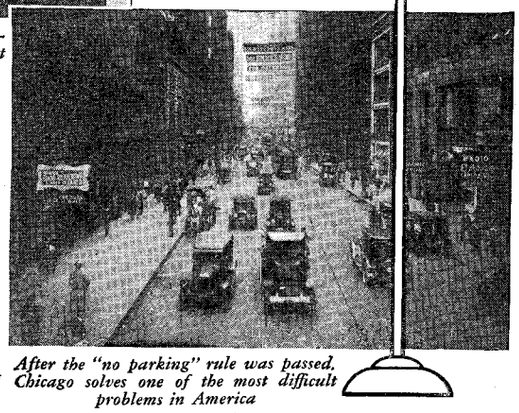
Typical traffic jams on Madison Street before the "no parking" rule went into effect



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Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 626)

her own words to serve his purpose. He has left modern psychological methods unused, and wisely, for it seems unlikely that any elaborate analysis of Miss Jewett's locally typical and rather easily understood character would be of interest, and it is not important to an appreciation of her work. Her methods of work, though, and her sources of inspiration are interesting, and Mr. Matthiessen discusses them clearly. It is customary to speak of Sarah Orne Jewett as among the greatest of our American local-colorists. But local color, while it usually has historical value, does not make literature. Miss Jewett's writing has "that fusion of material and technique with the distinctive quality of (the artist's) personality" which means style, and which gives to her work its value and its permanence. No one who pretends to a knowledge of American literature will leave "The Country of the Pointed Firs" unread. And the serenity, the freshness and the simplicity of that book, the sureness of its pictures of Maine coast life in the last century, and its sympathetic portrayal of the gentler aspects of human character will enchant most people into a more extensive reading of Sarah Orne Jewett's work.

In The Land of Cockaigne. By HEINRICH MANN: Macaulay. $2.50. Published April 12. Reviewed by E. M. BENSON.

THE TRANSATLANTIC LIBRARY, edited by Matthew Josephson, makes a very satisfactory debut with a lively, colloquial translation of Heinrich Mann's first novel. When this coruscating social satire appeared originally in the Berlin of 1900, it was fiercely resented. Its derisive criticism of this metropolis's demimonde established the author as a person to be feared and respected.

The years that separate us from this first attack cannot dull the interest that

Forthcoming Books

The Mighty Medicine. By FRANKLIN H. GIDDINGS: Macmillan. April 6.

Lavender's House. By EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON: Macmillan. April 23.

The Prince or Somebody. By LOUIS GOLDRING: Knopf. April 19.

Belinda. By HILAIRE BELLOC: Harper. April 17.

Labels and Libels. By DEAN W. R. INGE: Harper. April 17.

Mid-Channel. By LUDWIG LEWISOHN: Harper. April 17.

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the novel must have. "In The Land of Cockaigne" did, to some extent, for Germany, what the writings of H. L. Mencken did for America—it made the middle classes conscious of their deceits. Heinrich Mann, disgusted with the meretricious horse-play of the *haute bourgeoisie*, turned his guns on it with the ferocity of an inspired madman and a wit. His ribaldry matched theirs at every turn.

The lascivious career of young Andrew Zumsee, his exploitation of the Turkheimer salon, the pinguid sensualities of his 44-year-old protectress, Mrs. Turkheimer, his genius for being a first-class fop, sycophant and clown—all add to the convincing pathos of his supernal bourgeoisdom. Heinrich Mann has since discovered that he can be even more convincing by being less virulent.

The Good Estate of Poetry. By Chauncey Brewster Tinker: Little, Brown, Boston. $2.50. Published April 9. Reviewed by Clara Bellinger Green.

It is a stimulating experience to follow so genuine a student of poetry as Professor Tinker in his excursions through "The Good Estate of Poetry," —which includes also the good estate of all literature. The poet's mind is described as capable of receiving impressions,—a "sensitiveness" which is his peculiar dower. These impressions he often resists, but when they can no longer be restrained, he gives them the rein and they drive him whither they will, ofttimes to a goal he did not contemplate. Starting out to write an ode he may produce a sonnet. Novelists often have a like experience. Characters have a way of writing their own story, carrying the author along paths he had not seen and reaching conclusions of their own. If he refuses to follow their lead he may produce a story not "akin to our actual experience of life."

Professor Tinker gives his readers an appetite for the best and he very properly concludes with: "In literature as in life one may do worse than cast in his lot with the aristocracy."

Picked at Random

By WALTER R. BROOKS

Mary Webb's Armour Wherein He Trusted Dutton

A story of the struggle between earthly and spiritual love in the heart of the son of the lord of a small castle in England at the time of the First Crusade—an unfinished fragment which is, however, more interesting incomplete than it would have

(Please Turn to Page 636)

See HAWAII When the glowing flame trees bloom!

In May the trees that shade Hawaii's gardens burst into round domes of gold and pink and scarlet flame. You should see these almost-tropic islands of Oahu, Kauai, Maui and Hawaii then—and all through the summer!

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Yet there is an abundance of things to do—golf, of course, on a dozen verdant courses. Surfboarding and outrigger-canoeing on Waikiki's cool combers; game-fishing, tennis, lawn-bowls, motoring, shopping in quaint Oriental bazaars; inter-island cruises; sightseeing among the volcanic wonderlands of Hawaii U.S. National Park, the mountain-tops and lovely beaches of Oahu, Kauai, Hawaii and Maui.

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Book Clubs and Publishers

By HARRY SALPETER

JOHN MACRAE, president of E. P. Dutton & Company, a publishing firm, submits to the Book of the Month Club a book called "The Pathway" by one Henry Williamson, a young Englishman who has struggled for ten years to establish himself and has succeeded only in winning the Hawthornden prize and the faith and support of Mr. Macrae and an insufficient quantity of readers. The judges of the Club select as the March book "The Cradle of the Deep" by Joan Lowell, as best suited to the majority of its approximately 100,000 subscribers. "The Pathway," however, is placed on the subsidiary "recommended" list. The intrinsic beauty which Mr. Macrae and a respectable number of reviewers claim for "The Pathway" is not denied.

Mr. Macrae thereupon writes a letter to a thousand editors, authors and critics. His letter, composed largely of questions, constitutes an attack on book clubs. These questions imply that he regards book clubs as pretentious book jobbers whose real intention — to squeeze large discounts from publishers on wholesale orders—is masked by their pretense that they select what they wish their subscribers and the public to regard as the best books of each month, decisions being reached purely on the intrinsic merits of submitted books.

Parts of some of these questions are:

"Is it true that books are not admitted into the final test unless the publishers are willing to give a discount of at least seventy per cent and in some instances more?

"Is any question ever raised regarding the amount of advertising the publisher is prepared to do, providing his book is selected as the outstanding book of the month?

"Is it true that the large discounts demanded by the book clubs are resulting in cutting off a large part of the author's royalties in those cases, of course, where his book is selected as the book of the month?

"Is it a fact that the direct method used by these book clubs is taking the sale of current books out of the bookseller's shop and passing them on to those large mail order organizations?"

Mr. Macrae fears for the independent author and the independent publisher of the future. He closes his letter on this ominous note:

"As a publisher I am concerned as to whether or not the future will still give us (i.e., publishers) the right of free choice. If a group of men and women is to be allowed to state that a particular book is the outstanding book of the month . . . how are we to protect the rights of authors whose names and books fail of the opportunity of getting before these groups?"

The technical questions as to discounts and the manner in which books are submitted and voted upon have been answered by the Book of the Month Club—answered, indeed, some time before they had been asked. So far as the Book of the Month Club is concerned a flat discount of seventy per cent is required, and it is understood that no book submitted shall be retailed for more than $3; for less, if possible. Mr. Macrae's firm has been submitting books to the Club with the full knowledge of these conditions. The Club asserts that no publisher is required to make any guarantees concerning advertising and it states explicitly that the decisions of the judges are binding upon the Club; binding, indeed, by the clauses of a contract entered into between the Club and its employed judges. How corrupt or amenable to the influence of the Club's chief stockholders these employed judges are, one cannot say. One can, if one wishes, examine their choices since the inception of the Club and compare those choices with books published, but not chosen, during the same period. It must be made clear that not every book submitted to the Club is read by the judges; they decide only upon those books which have been passed upon as acceptable by two anonymous first readers, working with Dr. Henry Seidel Canby, one of the judges.

MR. MACRAE does not contest the right of any group to organize a club and distribute books of its choosing to its subscribers. He does object to the implication conveyed by the Book of the Month Club that it selects the book of the month and that those books not chosen lack merit. The Club did at one time make that pretense, or imply it. It has been compelled to abandon it, largely, I suspect, because it has discovered divergences of taste among its subscribers. Even the Literary Guild has been compelled to offer its subscribers a choice among other books than those chosen every month as the book. The Book of the Month Club, for example, asserts that the choice of the judges is binding upon the Club, but not upon the subscribers. Having observed

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that about thirty-five per cent of its subscribers every month select as their books of the month others than those chosen by the judges and that the subscribers composing this minority are in flux, changing from majority to minority from month to month, the Club promoters now assert that its judges choose the most interesting, or the most readable, or the most worthwhile. The judges no longer choose books by an inflexible standard of quality, if ever they did—but are governed by the extrinsic consideration of picking a book every month that will be suitable to the largest common denominator of, say, 100,000 subscribers. Absolute values, if they were ever considered, have been admittedly ditched.

It is obvious that the greatest danger in book clubs lies in their growth. The smaller the group the less attention need be paid to questions of topical or general interest, and the more to beauty, to independence in the writer. The larger the group the less the consideration which can be given to intrinsic qualities. "The Pathway" might have been chosen for a group of 5,000. The first choice of the Book of the Month, in April, 1926, was Sylvia Townsend Warner's "Lolly Willowes." A book of that character never would be chosen for a subscription list of 100,000. Dr. Canby, in a letter to the "Times," stresses this point: that the judges chose "The Cradle of the Deep" not for its literary merit —little of which quality is claimed for it—but because they thought it would be more interesting to the bulk of the Club's subscribers.

The larger any one book club becomes the less possibility is there that a "Mr. Fortune's Maggot" or an "Orphan Angel" will be chosen, and the greater the chances for "Trader Horns" and "Cradles of the Deep," both of them types of the "made" book rather than of creative literature. The profits of a Book of the Month Club lie in striking the lowest common denominator of taste. Not only are the profits of a book club diminished when 100,000 subscribers scatter their choices equally among fifty books, let us say, instead of taking one—which is the ultimate *desideratum*—but the original reason for organizing the book club becomes lost sight of.

In the last event, the master of the decision is the collective subscriber. He must get what he wants, even if he doesn't know what he wants, and not what Mr. Macrae would like him to read. It is clear that if he does not get what he wants in the long run, the judges will lose their jobs. Thus, if the Book of the Month Club promoters should

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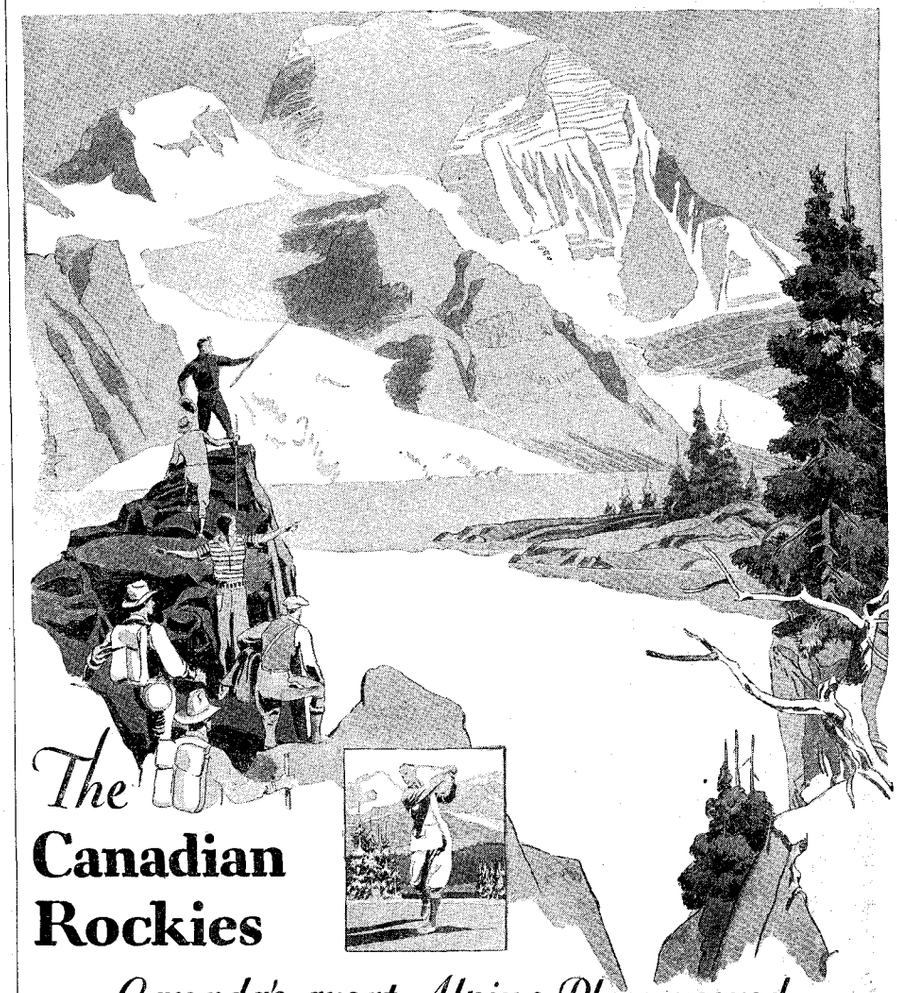

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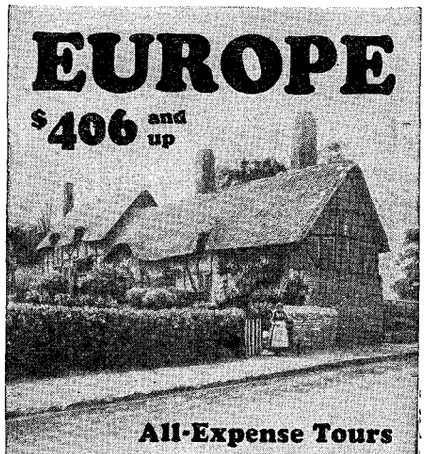

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

YOUTH may have its ambitious dreams, but Man cannot live without love. Some such idea appears to have been the starting point for the Theatre Guild's new offering, "Man's Estate," by Bruce Gould and Beatrice Blackmar. In particular (say the authors of this play) you cannot indulge in emotion without ending up in an ordinary house on an ordinary street with an ordinary baby. All of which may be perfectly true of the young people pictured in this play; but doesn't seem to mean much.

In fact, "Man's Estate" has genuine material sufficient for only one really good act, and for the rest is too thin to be worth the excellent performance the Theatre Guild gives it. Yet, that one act, we presume, is what led the Theatre Guild to produce the play; and, although split into two scenes, it does remain a most entertaining and worthwhile hour in the theatre.

As might be expected, it contains a dramatic argument between an older generation, which lives to the conventions, (including relatives) and a younger generation which tries very bravely to live to the truth and to reality. The question on which they differ is whether or not two young people should marry because one of them is going to have a baby.

It is inevitable, Broadway playwrights being what they are this year, that the older people can think of nothing except "What will people say?" whereas the younger people are all for free love and letting each other go to follow whatever dreams they may be dreaming. The baby runs a very poor third.

One thing is noteworthy. It is the first time in the theatre, to our knowledge that we remember hearing it stated, in a Middle Western drawing room—or any other for that matter—that a lady no longer need have a baby if she knows the proper physician.

In this particular instance it precipitates whatever drama the play has.

For the Middle Western parents are horrified, intensely sorry for themselves, aghast at anything except a shotgun wedding, and in general fairly incredibly mid-Victorian; while the young people are very much up-to-date, each intent on living his or her own life and quite convinced that they love each other far too nobly ever to tie themselves down, or to have their dreams of the future ruined by any such accident.

And yet the drama ends merely in talk; because the two young people really care more about being together than about anything else in the world, and the loneliness incidental to separation while the young hero becomes a great architect is more than they can bear. Emotion overcomes them, and they accept a small-town wedding, convention, relatives and all.

As a play, then, it isn't much. There are excellent moments in it, some very good lines and characterizations. And yet when all is said and done, the whole affair doesn't constitute either a very dramatic play, or one endowed with unusual perception.

It is interesting only as a commentary on the changes in our social code which have taken place in the last few decades. The authors are not afraid to discuss abortion; yet they are loath to admit it to be the part of the heroine to do away with a child. All genuine discussion of the moralities involved in such a situation is discreetly dodged.

FLIMSY as it is, nevertheless, the mere fact that it can play on Broadway makes almost impossible any genuine belief in the tragedy of Paolo and Francesca, as portrayed by Jane Cowl and Philip Merivale. Seen in the cold light of 1929, we must confess that the sweet sadness of these incredible lovers partakes unexpectedly of W. S. Gilbert's "Platitudes, in Stained Glass Attitudes" couplet and made us feel very old, indeed. Time was when we considered this medieval Italian love story as tragic a romance as could be devised—and Stephen Phillips's verses a most moving expression of the emotion which informed it.

Alas! As we went out a friend met us in the lobby. "Ah!" he said, "Conrad in quest of his youth?"

Somehow, even as poetry, it seemed better several decades ago.

Our Own Choice

PLAYS

Caprice (SIL-VARA). Sophisticated Viennese comedy.
Little Accident (MITCHELL AND FLOYD DELL). Ultramodern love.
The Perfect Alibi (A. A. MILNE). The perfect detective story.
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Strange Interlude (EUGENE O'NEILL). Psychological tragedy.
Serena Blandish (GEORGE BEHRMAN). A society Alice in Wonderland.
Let Us Be Gay (RACHEL CROTHERS). House party entertainment.

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Spring Is Here. Glenn Hunter deserting more serious business for musical comedy.

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, Jr.

"The Trial of Mary Dugan"

ADD another silent star to the list of articulate successes. Norma Shearer, in the rôle of Mary Dugan, gives such a touching, solemn performance that respect and admiration are the sentiments required from her audiences.

It's a difficult part. So difficult that no less talented an actress than Miss Ann Harding was not one hundred per cent successful in conveying, on the stage, the dignity and shame of the girl whose lovers unwittingly paid for her brother's education.

Norma Shearer, the waxy, ephemeral beauty of a score of light romances of the screen, invests Bayard Veiller's skilful lines with a tragic power that frankly astounded this observer. No cheap histrionics here—no spurious assumption of virtue. We feel sure that Miss Shearer will not object to our saying that in private life she is Mrs. Irving Thalberg; that she came to Hollywood from school, via the beauty contest route, and that her private life is impeccable. We mention these things to emphasize the worth of her characterization.

For Mary Dugan, honest and generous, self-respecting and humble, has been a kept woman from the age of sixteen. Miss Norma Shearer makes her so real that it's uncanny, and we have just told you about Miss Norma Shearer's off-screen blamelessness. We can think of some other actresses . . . But never mind, never mind. We'll say no more about it.

One expects H. B. Warner and Lewis Stone to be good—and H. B. Warner and Lewis Stone are just that, and then some. A young actor named Raymond Hackett, new to us, plays Jimmy Dugan with feeling and spirit, and Lilyan Tashman does a perfect "bit" in the witness chair.

Mr. Veiller, himself, is given credit for directing this fine picture and he did, without doubt, direct the players in the speaking of their lines. But some ultra-capable movie director helped him out with the photographic problems. None of these was unusual, as movies go, but they were all handled extremely well. The close-ups were effective, the wide-angle shots were equally so, and the action was much less restricted than in previous talkies of the same type. The recording was excellent.

All in all, we are prepared to say that "The Trial of Mary Dugan" is the best talking picture so far made. Perhaps next week there will be a better one, at the rate they're going. But right now it's the best job extant and we felicitate Miss Shearer, Mr. Veiller and the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Company and vote them the diamond-studded microphone with platinum trimmings.

"Wild Orchids"

GRETA GARBO is with us again, in a long, tenuous and pretty consistently interesting silent picture.

As Mrs. Sterling of San Francisco, she journeys to Java, for inspection of her husband's tea plantations. She meets a Javanese prince (nicely played by the exotic Nils Asther) and her fidelity begins to wobble a bit. Not too much, you understand, but enough to make complications—and a plot.

Her husband is laughably slow in spotting the situation, but when he tumbles, his procedure is relentless in the extreme. He practically sicks a wild tiger on the naughty prince. Then his wife tells him it was all his own fault and all ends well.

To say that Greta Garbo is strikingly lovely, throughout, is as unnecessary as saying that Lewis Stone, as her husband, is unfailingly excellent in his part. We like to recommend Greta Garbo pictures, whenever we can. This is one of the times.

We Recommend

The Broadway Melody: A fine talking picture, with an outstanding performance by MISS BESSIE LOVE.

The Iron Mask: If you miss seeing DOUG FAIRBANKS in this magnificent romance, you will miss his best performance to date.

The Letter: JEANNE EAGELS AND SOMERSET MAUGHAM, who got together so successfully in "Rain," do so again.

The Singing Fool: If you like AL JOLSON, see it. If you don't like AL JOLSON, see an alienist.

Shopworn Angel: RICHARD WALLACE'S superb direction, and NANCY CARROLL, GARY COOPER AND PAUL LUKAS.

The Flying Fleet: This one has "Wings" beaten as an aviation picture—and that's a pretty strong statement.

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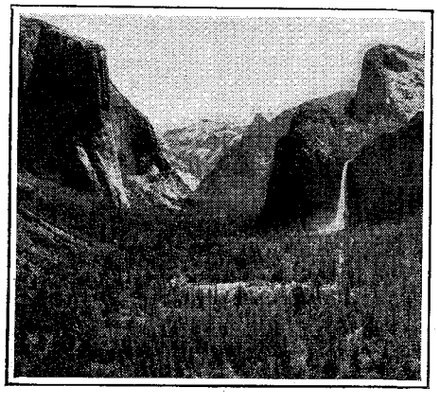

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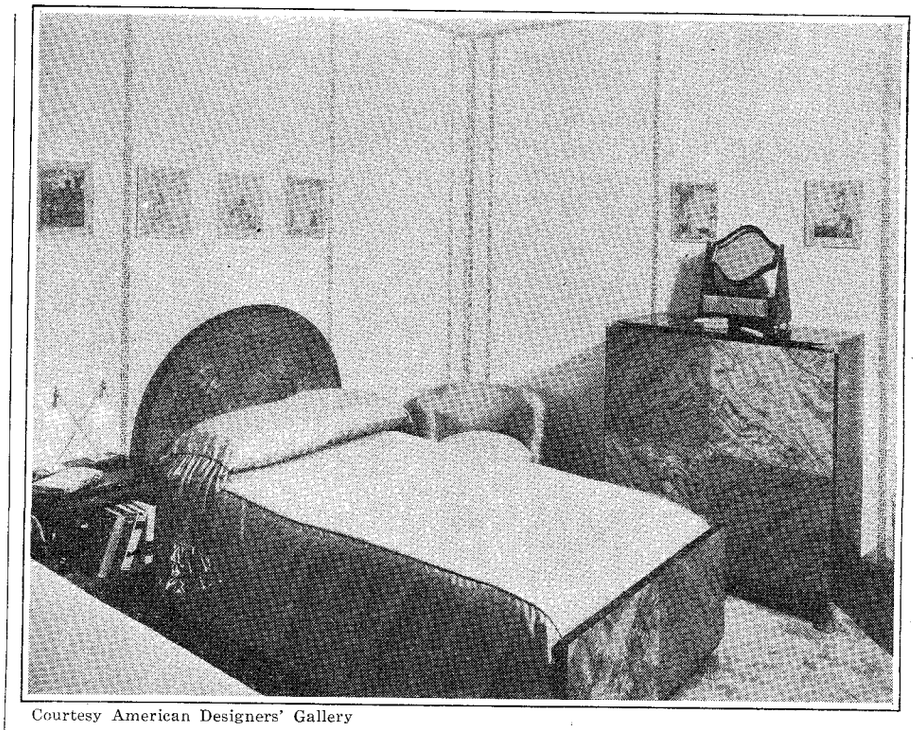

Courtesy American Designers' Gallery

CORNER OF A BEDROOM
By Joseph Urban

Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

THE second exhibition of the American Designers' Gallery, which we visited the other day, is no less interesting than the first one, some pictures of which we showed you a few months ago. The purpose of this second show, however, "is to show furniture available at prices the average public can pay, rather than furniture depending for its effectiveness on a specialized architectural ensemble. The sets of furniture shown have been designed with a view to large scale reproduction and made under the conditions prevailing today in machine industry." This will be obvious to you in considering the bedroom by Joseph Urban, shown above, and comparing it with the pictures of rooms in the first exhibition which we showed you. It is a scheme which is perfectly adaptable to any home or apartment. The furniture is natural finished Bubinga wood—which needn't frighten you, as we're told that is African rosewood—with black enamelled edges. The colors are various tones of rose-beige, and the hangings, upholstery and bed covers are rayon.

We're sorry we haven't space to show more photographs of this exhibition and to discuss it further, since we believe that a great deal of this so-called modern furniture and decoration has come to stay. It is simple, comfortable, practical and easy to live with as well as beautiful, and some of the best of it is being shown at this gallery. So much of the worst of it is being shown elsewhere—cheap, ugly imitations for which we can think of no possible use except perhaps filling in a swamp—that we counsel you, if you want to see some really nice modern things, to pay a visit to this gallery next time you are in New York.

TALKIES for the home which has a small motion-picture projecting machine are now being produced by the Home Talkie Machine Corporation. You can attach to your projector a synchronizing turntable which is similar in operation to a phonograph. Then you put on the record, start up your film, and you have a talkie. A number of industrial films have also been made by this firm which explain and show the way in which various products are manufactured.

CRAYOLA WAX CRAYONS come in an assortment of colors, and can be used in stenciling or drawing designs on cushions, curtains, lampshades and bedspreads. You stretch the fabric over a board, do your art work, then place the effort colored side down on a piece of glazed paper and press with a hot iron to set the color. Thus you may beautify your environment at little cost —except to the artistic sensibilities of your immediate family.

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

Blood

HOW or where he came into possession of his talisman, the world has never learned. But secretly and alone he acquired it. And secretly and alone he would take out his tangible jewel and gaze at it. A ruby that lay within his palm like a great and heavy drop of blood. His own fever, he thought sometimes, crystalized in fire and beauty. His own blood. His.

His country was the great Empire of China. But from childhood his dreams were of conquest; and the limits of his ambitions scorched the edges of eternity.

He called himself the brother of Jesus, this conqueror. And three quarters of a century past, he rose upon China like a swift and magnificent sun. Poor people, and unable people, and discontented people, sprang up like mushrooms before his advancing banners. His fame was advertised around the world by missionaries, and his house was a great palace, built by those who believed in him.

In his palace he found a hiding place for his jewel. Here the ruby lay in darkness and waited for those moments when it was allowed to outface the day. Moments when the Brother of Jesus communed with his hidden jewel as with his own pulse; secretly, and in exultation.

Like fields of rice beneath a burning wind, the nation bowed and trembled before him; until at last the Emperor himself trembled upon his throne with an ague. His loyalists were not enough. His generals were not enough. The Brother of Jesus was conquering his people through their own hearts with words of peace, and destroying them with swords.

It was then that the Emperor of China sent for an English General and commissioned him to put down the uprising of the Great Peace. And with the sword, leading on the Loyalists of the Empire, the English General captured the new risen palace, and put to flight the Brother of Jesus.

Now among the Loyalists that entered the disordered palace was a certain Nobleman whose family for long generations had been faithful to the Empire. In an out of the way corner, in a forgotten hiding place, he came across a bit of stone. He held it in his hand and stared at it. Like a great, heavy drop of blood, it trembled and clung to his palm. Had he been pierced in this spot, thought his dazzled mind, his blood would have burst like this. His blood—that belonged to the Empire of China.

This time the find of the ruby was made public. Experts and collectors appraised it. "One drop of blood!" exclaimed those who were allowed to look at it. And the name ran from tongue to tongue. The jewel became "One Drop of Blood," and was decreed to remain in the possession of the man who had found it.

The nobleman had no need for secrecy in the enjoyment of his stone. If it was his fancy that the deep fire of the ruby was the beat of his own heart, it was his pride that all might see the steadiness and clearness of the jewel. It was not his blood alone that spoke to him from the depths of that beauty. But to his mind, the blood of his ancestors shone there. If it might be caught and imprisoned, that deep stream of honor and devotion to country; if the blood of his ancestors might live and speak in stone, so purely it would live. And with such a tongue of fire it would speak to those who beheld it.

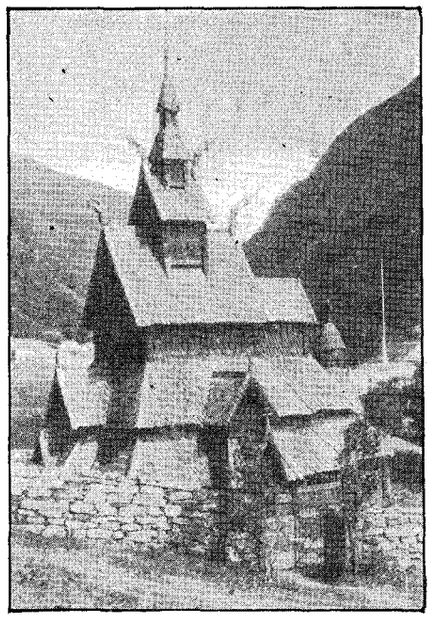
But even faithful blood runs slow and faints at last. Generations pass and ancestors live elsewhere. Only precious stones cling to their world, insoluble.

THE OTHER DAY, the little daughter-in-law of a dead nobleman—the bereft widow of a dead statesman—looked at the ruby lying in her hand, and knew that it was hers. So it had belonged to her father-in-law. So to her husband. So it had lain like blood upon their hands. Now it had become her drop of blood—she, a Chinese woman, brooded upon it—crystalized and living in stone.

In China—are women worth so much? Is blood of any value, that spills so easily? That it is not worth the food to keep it flowing?

There was a famine now, in China. Life was cheap. But still her hand could close upon a drop of blood—her own, a woman's blood—worth souls that died by thousands.

The world spins quickly; too quickly for some souls to catch their breath. Out of Peking came a report the other day. The Chinese Republic offers a stone for sale, a ruby that first appeared at the time of the Great Peace Rebellion. Now a Chinese woman is trying to purchase a few lives with One Drop of Blood.



Norway

The Land Of The Midnight Sun

offers you the most variegated and remarkable of scenic beauties. Think of the sublime fjords;—glaciers so vast that all others in Europe grow puny by comparison; the marvelous 1200-mile "Inland Sea"; the magnificent "Cathedrals of the Sea"; thousands of thundering waterfalls; the unnumbered, crystalline lakes; gorgeously-colored highland moors; legions of snow-helmeted peaks rising above the loveliest of natural gardens and quaint, flower-bedecked homes;—think only of these, and you get a faint conception of Norway.

But the land of the Vikings offers much, much more: strange, absolutely unique wooden churches—700 to 900 years old, architecturally the direct heirs of the temples of Odin and Tor; actual Viking Ships, 1100 years old; and museums that overflow with splendid, marvelously executed things ranging from the Stone Age to later Medieval Times. And you never dreamed of such wood carvings! And then the unequalled Open Air Museums—different from the ordinary cut-and-dried museum as day from night—really entire settlements of ancient homes in appropriate surroundings and filled with extremely interesting furnishings. Even genuine homes of the types of the windowless Viking Age!

Let us suggest an itinerary, covering all Scandinavia if you wish. We have nothing to sell; all our services are free.

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Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 629)

been as a novel. Although the style is artificial it is fresh and vigorous, and the pictures of the countryside, of life in the castle, are vivid and extraordinarily real. The things, indeed, are more real than the people; Gilbert and Nesta are shadows, but the trees, the walls, the flowers, the rushes on the hall floor have three dimensions, you can see and feel and smell them. The ten short stories which fill out the volume are country scenes and characters, done with the simplicity and intensity which characterizes all of Mrs. Webb's work.

Edgar Jepson's The Cuirass of Diamonds Vanguard

Stella tumbled into a bit of luck when she met the Duke of Barshalton, although we do think it's a trifle ostentatious for a young girl to appear every evening at Ciro's in a cuirass of diamonds. Of course she went armed, and had a bodyguard, and every tree on the route home had its policeman—that is, every tree that wasn't already occupied by a crook. For there were four gangs after the diamonds—one French, one German, one American and one English. And the dangers that poor girl encountered as gang after gang tried for the jewels. But it was the English gang, led by that Mongol-eyed beast, Lord Henry Foulsham, which got them at last, and Stella with them. If you don't mind it being incredible and illogical and all that, you may find it exciting to see how it turns out.

Dorothy Sayers's Lord Peter Views the Body Payson & Clark

Lord Peter Wimsey is an amusing sleuth with a turn for nonsense, a vacant manner and an insatiable curiosity which leads him direct to the solutions of a dozen strange problems, entertainingly set forth in this book. We rather like a detective who pretends to be an ass and isn't—as against, say, Philo Vance, who pretends not to be and so tiresomely is. And these are good stories—the man who inherited his uncle's stomach, the cyclist who ran off with a lady's head in a bag, the artist who silverplated his enemies, and the rest. You won't fall asleep over this one.

Harry L. Foster's Combing the Caribbees Dodd, Mead

Mr. Foster always writes entertainingly of the places he visits, and manages to give you a pretty good idea of them without employing statistics, dates or any of the devices in favor with travel writers who have a certain number of pages to fill. In this book he wanders through some of the lesser known Caribbean islands—Guadeloupe, Curaçao, Haiti, the Windward Islands among them—and brings back much interesting material.

E. Alexander Powell's The Last Home of Mystery Century

Here is another travel book we can recommend. Major Powell writes well, and this account of adventures in the little known Kingdom of Nepal, which lies between India and Tibet, and is practically closed to Europeans, is well worth reading. We could wish that the author had tempered his strictures upon the, to us, obscene side of Hinduism with a little more understanding. It is a case of one man's meat another man's poison; and what is obscene in one age may be a highly moral practice in another. Cleanliness and a European sense of modesty may be next to godliness for a modern Christian; to a Hindu the connection may not be so plain. There are better explanations than depravity for some of the rites and customs which Major Powell deplores. They look pretty awful to us—and so we jump to the conclusion that they look awful to the people who practice them.

Arthur D. Howden Smith's John Jacob Astor Lippincott

The life of a German immigrant who landed in New York with $25 in cash, seven flutes and a spare suit of clothes—and sixty-four years later died, leaving behind him a fortune of some twenty million dollars. The character of the founder of the Astor fortune, whose acquisitiveness grew with his wealth, is of less interest than the picture given of the development of the fur trade, and the beginnings of big business in the United States, which were closely bound together, and which are here treated carefully and in considerable detail.

John P. Fort's Stone Daugherty Dodd Mead

The life of a brutal, ignorant settler in pioneer Tennessee, who murders his wife and beats and misuses his daughter, until at last love for the man her father has crippled overcomes her terror and she kills Daugherty with his own rifle. Not a pleasant story, but the life of the pioneers wasn't a pleasant life. We could wish that the author hadn't felt it necessary to spell out Stone Daugherty's full name every time he mentioned him. The use of the pronoun "he" occasionally would have sufficiently indicated who was meant. But the book has strength and authenticity.

Book Clubs and Publishers

(Continued from Page 631)

present these judges with a subscription list of 500,000, they would be faced by the necessity of choosing that book of the month most suitable for 500,000 readers, or a majority thereof. As a result that chosen book would receive a more undeserved emphasis of implied merit than any present selection receives. It would not matter how ardently the judges disclaimed absolute merit for their choices and asserted that they were choosing the most interesting or the most readable reading matter. It seems inevitable that the lower the level on which the selections of the future will have to be made, the more glaring will be the light of publicity shed on these selections and the heavier the shadows in which will be plunged the books that are not chosen. I am purposely dramatizing the situation to indicate the possibilities of danger.

The integrity of the present judges cannot forever constitute an insurance against the growth of the book clubs. As authors, journalists, editors and lecturers, the judges probably played an involuntary part—in the advertisements—in attracting large nuclei of subscribers to the book clubs. Should the book clubs grow at the highly accelerated rate which the promoters desire, the judges' involuntary service as come-on men would cease. Some of them might confess constitutional incapacity to choose books for the lowest common denominator of 500,000 persons. Today the judges may well be serving as insurance against the jobbing greed of the promoters, but the standard in judges, as well as of the judges, must go down as subscription lists go up. Judges must then be acquired whose tastes approximate those of the hypothetical 500,000.

I regard the growth of book clubs as a criticism of the methods of book sellers and publishers in the distribution of books to the ultimate consumer, the reader who buys books. In a measure, the book clubs have relieved publishers of the necessity of exercising initiative in the marketing of books. The book clubs have cultivated a reading public which had been lying fallow for years, and have delivered that public to the publishers for a seventy per cent discount, which they are only too ready to grant—since they must. Now that publishers have been persuaded that the book clubs can no longer be scared out

(Please Turn to Page 638)

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Beethoven: A Biography

(Continued from Page 607)

submitting them to Haydn. This farce continued until the latter left for London, at the end of 1793, turning his pupil over to the renowned Albrechtsberger.

With astonishing and commendable self-control, Beethoven kept hard at counterpoint, although the Spanish castles—now more full of sirens than those rocks which Ulysses almost failed to pass—kept charming him with their most seductive tunes. All this time he was eager to compose real music. Yet, until April, 1795, he turned up doggedly three times a week at the grim old master's door. It was the sort of strict discipline that he needed. His early training had been sketchy. After his babyhood, adulation and license to follow his musical whims had been liberally accorded the young prodigy of Bonn. The new regimen was excellent for him.

Nevertheless, he reacted vigorously against Albrechtsberger's sacrosanct pedantries. Now and then, along the road to Parnassus, when a silver-haired old rule, half asleep in the sun, saw the chariot of Beethoven's creative inspiration bearing down, it had to jump wildly for a doorway, or be flattened out by the thundering wheels and hoofs.

The old professor was somewhat shaken by contact with this alarming pupil. Years later he was heard to growl, with a sad shake of the head, words to this effect: "No, Beethoven never learned a thing; and what's more, he never *will* write anything worth while." This was much the same attitude that Cherubini was destined to adopt towards Berlioz; and the dignitaries of the Milan Conservatory, towards young Verdi.

The wonder was of course that, at twenty-two, an age when his personality was already powerfully developed and his own ideas clamoring for utterance, the young man could have found the self-mastery to learn one-half of all he learned from Haydn, Schenck and Albrechtsberger about theory, and last of all from Salieri about song-composition and the musical setting of Italian words.

Years afterward, in a moment of extreme revolt, Beethoven remarked that Haydn had never taught him anything. And his attitude towards Albrechtsberger was somewhat cold and formal. But at the summit of his fame he expressed himself towards old Schenck with charming gratitude. And an episode which occurred long after, showed one of the pleasantest sides of his nature. Calling on the aged Salieri one afternoon in 1809 and finding him out, he left a slip of paper with these words scrawled in huge characters: "The pupil Beethoven was here." The pupil Beethoven! At the moment he was the celebrity who had written the "Eroica" and Fifth symphonies, the "Appassionata" sonata, the "Emperor" concerto and Fidelio.

FINANCIALLY and socially, Beethoven fast made his way in the Austrian capital. On his arrival he lodged in an attic. Soon he was able to move to the ground floor. And in little more than a year, he was living in the palatial home of Prince Lichnowsky, more as son than guest. These sympathetic, intelligent and impressionable aristocrats had a strong influence upon the sensitive young fellow. The Prince was an ardent Anglophile—and loved to give himself, as M. de Hevesy quaintly says, *"l'aspect et la contenance"* of a lord. This may help to explain the origin of the composer's steadfast love of England, and those exaggerated ideas of her perfection, which he never lost, even after George IV ignored his gift of the "Battle" symphony.

As soon as the Viennese nobility realized Beethoven's genius—and they were quick to do so—they gave him an enthusiastic welcome. Their palaces flew open. He entered, held court, and hugely enjoyed his good fortune. A living income, with intelligent sympathy and appreciation for his music, was what he wanted; and these patricians were able and willing to furnish them.

Many of them in fact were excellent musical amateurs. The Lichnowskys were capable pianists, Baroness von Ertmann, an admirable one. Prince Lobkowitz was a clever fiddler. Prince and Count Esterhazy played respectively the baryton[1] and the oboe, while Count Brunswick was a dependable violoncellist.

These were the same folk who had supported and appreciated Haydn and Mozart—and yet had made servants of them. Beethoven was of different calibre. In his teens the von Breunings and Count von Waldstein had accustomed him to mingle with aristocrats on terms of perfect equality. He now knew that his genius was a thing of more nobility than all the hereditary titles of Vienna taken in a lump. And from the beginning he compelled the bearers of those titles to accept him at his own valuation.

This sudden bridging of the social gulf bears testimony to the compelling charm and force of personality he must have possessed. For unaided by them, his musical qualities alone could never have won social advancement for himself and his successors.

From the beginning, Beethoven's independent blood would not tolerate the indignities of the position which society had hitherto imposed on the maker of music.[2] He was probably the first member of his craft to oppose a ferocious front to those parasites who insist on the musician giving his professional services for nothing. Indeed, it was not long before the young man from Bonn became so rudely obdurate that these spongers were driven to all manner of ruses.

One was to herd the guests into the next room and leave the virtuoso alone with the piano. If that did not work, the crafty host would spirit out of the way all but one chair and the piano stool. He would occupy the chair and Beethoven, by a process of elimination, the stool. His absent-minded hand would strike a chord or two. Then, before he knew it, he would be in the midtide of improvisation.

One gentleman always left music paper about, hoping to reap some composition as a souvenir. The Master often wrote on it, but invariably remembered to fold it up and carry it away. Yes, he led these musical leeches a hard life.

Though he accepted Lichnowsky's hospitality, he was quixotically independent. One day he overheard the Prince directing his valet that in case he himself and his guest should ring at the same time, the guest must be served first. Without hesitation Beethoven engaged a servant. When he wanted to ride, the Prince offered him the freedom of his stables. But the proud young musician retorted by setting up a horse of his own—whose existence, however, he promptly forgot.

On the patriarchal dining tables of feudal times, the large salt-cellar marked an important social boundary. The gentry sat above, the common people below, the salt. In the person of Beethoven, the musician cast off his social inferiority and moved above the salt.

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1. A sort of viola da gamba fitted with sympathetic strings. Haydn wrote many baryton compositions for the Prince, his master.

2. The Court of Stuttgart might compel Spohr to fiddle while the audience played cards; the Saxon Court might make Moscheles play the piano during the dinner hour. But Beethoven was of a more mettlesome breed. Once while performing with Ries at Count von Browne's in Baden, he was disturbed by Count von Palffy's loud voice in the next room. Instantly he sprang up from the instrument and cried in a still louder voice: "For such swine play I not!"

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Book Clubs and Publishers

(*Continued from Page 636*)

of existence, they have been hopping aboard the book clubs' band wagon with great agility. If selection were not so desirable Mr. Macrae and his fellow publishers would not be so eager to have their books chosen.

So far book clubs have served authors well. A selection not only launches the book chosen but its author as well. Miss Warner is an example. Her "Lolly Willowes" was the first choice of the Book of the Month Club; her "Mr. Fortune's Maggot" the second choice of the Literary Guild. Her third novel, "The True Heart," made its own way. Selection gives the author publicity. It justifies an increase in the advertising appropriation for the book chosen and thus underscores the emphasis bestowed by selection. That that emphasis is going to be bestowed now and then to an unworthy book is implicit in the nature of book clubs. But good books have been chosen and several authors—such as Lewis Mumford, Edwin Arlington Robinson, W. B. Seabrook, C. E. Montague, Rosamond Lehmann and Elinor Wylie—acquired something more substantial than the success of esteem they had been enjoying previous to selection.

Mr. Macrae wishes to put Henry Williamson among these authors. He flatters the Book of the Month Club by his hope and dependence on it. He submits "The Pathway" and it is rejected. Is the Book of the Month Club his only reliance for giving Henry Williamson a reading public? If he believes that 65,000 persons should read "The Pathway" is it impossible for him to communicate directly with those 65,000 persons? Does the Book of the Month Club bar the way? Has it a monopoly of large-scale bookselling methods? The answer of Mr. Macrae to the Book of the Month Club should consist in putting "The Pathway" on the best-seller lists to the tune of a minimum of 50,000 copies.

Individualism at Harvard

(*Continued from Page 623*)

which he thinks the House Plan will promote is that he should have gone elsewhere, and that with or without the House Plan he will never be satisfied at Harvard.

There are more general objections to the House Plan only sub-consciously existent. While it is true that the great majority of undergraduates accept the educational situation as it is and spend

(*Please Turn to Page 640*)

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Individualism at Harvard

(*Continued from Page 638*)

little time in questioning its efficacy present or future, there are a few who try to keep in touch with things and have tried to discover just what it is that the American undergraduate wants. Discussion will lead to a hearty condemnation of the present craze for experimentation in educational circles. "So many cadavers in a laboratory" is the "Lampoon's" phrase for the situation in which so many college men find themselves. The aim might be a worthy one but in the meantime the present generation is asked to submit themselves to one experiment after another. The result is hardly flattering. Superficially the men might be inferred to be studying just as much, but actually the lack of stability causes them to turn their attention to the thousand ephemeral interests of college life. Educators have been so busy devising new methods to meet the alarming falling off of mental calibre among undergraduates that they have lost sight of the immediate necessity for stimulating teaching. Higher paid, more inspiring professors, especially for entering classes, would have more direct appeal than a thousand Utopias.

Various other features of College life, at first supplementary to the academic side, have now grown to such a size as to be crowding the real excuse for the existence of the college aside. Athletics and social life receive a larger share of attention than anyone dares admit. Most college men admit that experience, contacts, background are what they are after—that the graduate school is the place for the man who desires to penetrate beneath the surface. The growth of the universities and colleges has been accompanied by a steady decline of undergraduate seriousness in regard to their studies.

Consequently the man who wants to educate himself, not merely superficially but fundamentally, will prize his freedom as his one protection against the juvenile attitude of most undergraduates. It is a certainty that the men who will be the greatest ornaments to the House Plan are the men who need it and its luxurious spoon-fed type of education the least. A certain conformity will be inevitable and, as has consistently happened in democratic education, the non-conforming student has had either to lower himself to the average plane or be ostracized. The wide range of students now prevalent at Harvard is considered infinitely superior to a model man manufactured in a well-appointed House system and turned out on a uniform pattern.

In conclusion, early returns from a questionnaire mailed to the members of the Senior Class asking: "Do you approve the so-called House Plan outlined by the college authorities up to the present time?" reveal the following results:

Yes	48
No	26
Did not answer	18
Undecided	5
	97

One man, answering "Yes," wrote: "But I believe the question of endowment for professors, instructors, tutors and all faculty members and departments more pressing, and certainly as vital a problem."

"So far as I know," wrote another, "we have as much right to adopt Yale's Idol of the Cave as she had to adopt our Idol of the Theatre."

"I am really not sufficiently interested to have any decided opinion," writes a third Senior, probably coming closer to the majority opinion than any other commentator.

"I think it is splendid that Harvard's housing problem is to be remedied in this manner," comments a fourth man. "The plan as it is now outlined is a noble experiment. But I fail to see that it will accomplish some of the aims most stressed by its sponsors. Individualism will continue at Harvard. A man is never going to make friends where he has no inclination to do so. The Houses will not be radically different from the present Freshman Halls, and every one will admit that he neither knew, nor cared to know, the large majority of the residents in his hall.

"I do not object to the Plan because it marks the passing of any mythical 'old Harvard.' The finest tradition of the University is the tradition of change."

While the three publications realize that they do not express all the floating masses of Harvard undergraduate opinion, they are equally aware of the fact that their opposition to the House Plan and their scepticism in regard to its success has substantial undergraduate, graduate and faculty backing. The fact that the adoption of the Plan is a closed issue, the first Houses to be erected by the fall of 1930, has doubtless made their criticism appear presumptuous in the eyes of those who believe in the infallibility of the backers of the educational reform. The opposition feels, however, that representatives of the undergraduate body are entitled to express their opinion on the subject of their social reorganization, especially when silken leading-strings are being substituted for the free reins of robust self-reliance. While the next decade of Harvard undergraduates, secure in the environment of "social solidarity" stimulated by million dollar Houses, will probably be unable to comprehend the "terrible individualism" of their predecessors, the inception of the Harvard House Plan has certainly been effected without the unanimous support of the present undergraduate body. On that there can be no dispute.

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